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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century; consisting of Authentic Memoirs and Original Letters of Eminent Persons; and intended as a Sequel to the "Literary Anecdotes." By John Nichols, F.S.A. Vol. VI. 8vo. pp. 896. London, 1831. Nichols and Son.

THE immense stores of literary correspondence, anecdote, biography, and antiquarian research, which Mr. Nichols during his long and useful life collected, have now furnished forth a sixth volume of very miscellaneous and curious matter, in addition to the valuable works for which the public are indebted to his ever-diligent pen. The title-page describes its contents, and we have only to turn over the leaves for such illustrations as will serve to intimate the agreeable character of the whole.

By the memoirs, correspondence, memoranda, anecdotes, &c. &c., we are made to meet, as it were, in familiarity, with W. Gifford, Lord Camelford, the Bishop of Dromore, the Earl of Buchan, Mr. Gough, Dr. Phineas Pett, the Rev. S. Denne, and many other persons of literary tastes and habits, whose inquiries were all directed to objects of antiquarian curiosity, or subjects of *virtù* and the *belles lettres*. From a volume so full of pleasing gossip, it is almost immaterial where we make our selections. We will, however, pitch *imprimis* on some letters of Lord Camelford, the then proprietor for the borough of Old Sarum, and his nominee Mr. Hardinge, as illustrating some of the mysteries of close boroughs, at present engrossing so much of popular opinion.

"Oxford Street, Jan. 28th, 1795.

"My dear Hardinge.—A few words upon the last sentence in your note as to your democratical principles of reform, of which you say you gave me early notice. The question now grows more serious, and therefore let us understand one another. I never wished you to vote against your opinion upon any subject, nor do I wish it now. Your principles, however, cannot be more decided upon the business of reform than mine; nor are they half so strongly pledged to the public. Old Sarum has two representatives; upon one of them I have not the smallest claim, because I never pretended any kindness to him in the seat I gave him. It is, to be sure, even in his instance, however, a whimsical thing, that from his connexion with Pitt he feels himself under a necessity of subverting, as far as his vote goes, the seat he is intrusted with by his constituents, or, if you choose to call it so, by his constituent. But were he to vote against what Pitt, to whom he owes it, professes to have at heart, I am well aware it might be interpreted by the enemies of his friend as inconsistency and double dealing. What is your case? The argument cuts exactly the other way. Who will believe, if they see you take a part in direct opposition to what I have so often declared to be my deliberate opinion, that there

is not a game played between us for the sake of flattering the minister's favourite object! My line has been distinct, and I have never departed from it. I dread every change; and at this moment in particular, think it not only unnecessary, but, considering the state of Scotland and Ireland, I think such a measure madness and absurdity. If, however, the circumstances were never so favourable, the utmost length I can go to is the one additional county member; but that I consider as an experiment, and as a compounding to prevent further mischief. This I shall certainly say in the House of Lords, if ever it gets thither, and shall think (what I shall not say) that he is an enemy to parliament who goes further. If, from your general wish to support the minister, or from your attachment to Lord Camden, or from a conscientious opinion upon the subject, you cannot think as I do, at least absent yourself upon this occasion, and do not distress me so far as to make me appear to hold two languages, at the same time that you oppose one of the most decided political tenets I can ever form, and oppose it with the weapon I have put into your hands. As to the democratical principle, how far that is likely to be gratified by enabling three or four great families in every county (generally peers) to add to their influence in the House of Commons, or by rendering such additional influence still more powerful in extinguishing the balance of the open boroughs, I leave to your reflection. I profess to wish that power and property may go together, and am therefore not very anxious for the plebeian system. All I shall add is, that, if I were to consider only my own emolument and that of my son (for I look no further), I should be happy that any scheme took place that would enable me to convert my privilege into an increase of income, which is a far more solid advantage than what is called importance and consideration. Weigh all this calmly in your own mind, and assure yourself that no difference of opinion will ever make an alteration in the affectionate regard with which I am faithfully yours,

CAMELFORD."

In a letter two years later, he writes, facetiously—"As you say nothing of your reelection, I conclude you are tired of St. Stephen's Chapel, or disdain to represent the muttons, as Lord Mount Eliot calls the electors, with a bell-weather for the returning officer."

And again, two years later (1789)—"None of your Whig nonsense to me about the French revolution; madness and knavery, fanaticism and cruelty, are the principles of them all, from the leaders in their senate to their butchers in the streets. Let them not talk of liberty till they have learned the elements of justice, or of magnanimity till they are sensible to the dictates of humanity. They will go on from violence to violence, and from absurdity to absurdity, till common sense comes into fashion again at last, and things are brought back again into their old channel. If you will be a Whig, let it be in Brabant, where they have something to say for themselves. My heart bleeds for

them, when tyranny drives them to the wall; and no alternative is left them for safety but the *ultima ratio*, with all its consequences. I hope the accounts are exaggerated from thence; but I know enough of the temper of both sides to believe in the most horrid carnage."

"It seems (he observes, in 1790—and really, if we did not give the dates, these extracts might be very innocently read as penned in 1831)—it seems as if the world was always to go round in its circle, lest it should happen at any time to fix in a medium of common sense and common happiness. Ignorance and superstition produced the miseries of ages within our recollection; the opposite extremes to which all Europe is tending, point to evils full as great on the other hand, which I fear must afterwards throw us back again into barbarism and its concomitant, ignorant superstition. We may reason and refine for our amusement, if we please, in our closet, till we can distinguish no longer between right and wrong, and at last doubt of our own existence; but when once a people undertake to think for themselves, and to admit no principle they cannot prove logically and mathematically, sense becomes nonsense, and all practical ideas of social connexion are at an end altogether. Our religious and our political opinions (prejudices, if you please to call them so) must be taken up and maintained upon trust by at least 999 in 1000, or the Lord have mercy upon us. Well said the old French philosopher, that if he had all truths in his hand, he would die a thousand deaths before he would open it. The modern philosophers let out all, truth and falsehood together, to set mankind by the ears from one end of the globe to the other. I would tell them, that it requires but little genius to triumph over prejudices; but the proof of real understanding is shewn in respecting them, and directing them at the same time to the happiness of our fellow-creatures."

But we will not make it appear, from our illustrations, as if this were a political volume; on the contrary, it is anecdotal and literary, and we proceed to shew it in its truer light by quoting a few specimens.

Lord Camelford writes:—

"I sent — some wretched puns some months ago, but did not sign my name. I will tell you one that I thought perfect. The Bishop of Alais visiting a rector who was very rich and very avaricious, gave him some gentle hint of the character he had heard of him; 'Mais, monsieur,' says the man, 'il faut garder une poire pour la soif.' 'Vous avez bien raison,' replies the bishop; 'prenez garde seulement qu'elle soit du bon Chretien.' + + +

"When the Spanish dauphine passed through France to Paris, Bourdeaux received her and her suite with extraordinary magnificence. The Duchesse de Caumont had a cabinet fitted up for her at the house of a president, at God knows what expense; but she tossed up her nose at it, and was seen by Montesquieu in

+ Our readers are aware that "bon Chretien" is the name of an excellent pear.

the ante-room of the dauphine as he was going to pay his court. 'Que faite-vous, la madame la duchesse?' 'Je m'échauffe, vous sentez bien que je n'ai rien où je suis logé; mais vous, président, comment pouvez-vous abandonner Paris pour une Société de Campagne? que fait on ici de grâce? dites moi un peu, et vos présidentes, elles font ici les duchesses je m'imagine.' 'Oh, non, madame! pardonnez moi, elles ne sont pas assez impertinentes.'

"Our correspondence resembles, at this distance, the two gentlemen who made the observation upon the weather at Hyde Park Corner, and hatched the answer upon the same spot at their return. You will have forgotten the examination of the physicians; and will perhaps be congratulating upon the recovery by the time this comes to tell you, that this measure seems to me to verify an old adage of Fox the father, 'that nothing disconcerted an opposition so much as yielding to their proposition.'"

"I do not wonder you cast a longing wish towards these scenes of neutrality and sunshine. I have been longer a near witness to the revolutions of politics than you have, and have *vu le fond du sac*, as the cardinal said, when he rejected the sacrament upon his death-bed; it is a sad picture of the meanness and wickedness of the human heart; and I forgive princes whose feelings are hardened by it."

Some anecdotes of Dr. Johnson are hardly worth repeating: the following is not very favourably characteristic of another Don—the Rev. Mr. Leman.

"It has been remarked, with some justice, that his manners, on a first acquaintance, would often too plainly insinuate, that he knew himself to be a rich as well as a talented man, and that he was disposed to admit to a freedom of association such only as were equally fortunate with himself. Thus every person of title, or distinction for affluence, whom he named, was 'his friend.' The untitled, or moderate in circumstances, whom he was obliged to mention, however great their worth or talent, were merely persons of whom he had heard, or of whom he might chance to know something—at a distance. It was curious to observe how this fantastical humour spread itself amongst his servants—almost invariably the apes of their masters. I recollect calling once in the Crescent, and on inquiring if Mr. Leman were at home? was thus answered by his man: 'No, sir! Mr. Leman is out, and I do not exactly know where. But he is gone either to call on my Lord —, or my Lord —, or some other nobleman.'"

Anecdote of George IV., who, when Prince of Wales, rented, as a sporting-seat, the mansion of Critchill, about three miles from Chetle: it is told by the Rev. Dr. Chafin:—

"About this time, a very remarkable circumstance took place. One morning his royal highness called upon me alone, without any attendant, not even one servant, and desired me to take his information for a robbery, and to grant him a search-warrant. He insisted on my administering the oath to him, which I reluctantly did; and he informed me, that the head groom of his stables had his trunk broken open in the night, and a watch and many valuable articles stolen and carried away; and that it was suspected that they were concealed in such and such places, and that he chose to come himself, lest an alarm might be given, and the goods removed. His royal highness sat by my side while I filled up a search-warrant, which his royal highness hastened home with, and saw the execution of it himself; the goods were found in the suspected

places, a nest of thieves were detected, and all brought to condign punishment. Should his royal highness become sovereign, as by the grace of God he may soon be, what a strange story it will be to tell, that a King of Great Britain did apply to a poor country justice to grant him a search-warrant for stolen goods! But this would be a real fact."

Anecdote of George III., from the same authority:—

"His majesty's journey being made known, many persons went out of curiosity to see the cavalcade pass by; and, among others, my two nieces and I were standing near the place where the road turned, when his majesty's carriage suddenly stopped, and a horseman rode up to us, whom I immediately knew to be Lord Walsingham, and he knew me; for, some time before, I had a bill pending in the House of Lords, and his lordship was at that time chairman of the committee; and in the process of the business (in which I did not succeed) I had the honour of having several conferences with his lordship, which I gratefully acknowledge. His lordship, addressing me with a smile on his countenance, said, 'His majesty wants to speak to you; he wants to see whether your picture at Lord Dorchester's is a good likeness.' I was much confused at this notice; and was hastening towards his majesty's carriage, when I observed a favourite little dog of my niece's running under the wheels of another carriage, and in great danger, which with some difficulty I released, and took it up in my arms, and in that situation presented myself at the side of his majesty's chaise. His majesty very graciously began a conversation with me, by asking me if that house, pointing to it, was not mine. I answered his majesty that it was. He observed, that it was pleasantly situated, and appeared a good old mansion. I informed his majesty that it was built by my father. He said that he thought it must have been much older; and then very quickly added, 'Walsingham tells me that you are about to leave this fine healthy country for the foggy one of Cambridgeshire.' I answered, 'Yes; and please your majesty, I do it for reasons, with which if your majesty was acquainted, I think you would not much blame me.' He instantly said, 'I know, I know all.' And then, looking earnestly at me, he said to Lord Walsingham, 'Beach has done justice; it is a good likeness, a good picture.' Then looking at me again, with a smile on his countenance, said, 'In your picture you are drawn with a book in your hand, but now you have a dog, a pleasanter companion, I suppose; for Walsingham has informed me that you are a sportsman; all in character, I find.' And immediately the glass was drawn up, and the cavalcade passed on."

This is one of the many characteristic hits made by the king, whose quick manner was misconstrued or misrepresented as folly, while he uttered such sound remarks as these in the most good-humoured way.

From these extracts we trust our readers will be taught to like this book; for we must now leave it to their good will.

The Poems of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey. Aldine Poets, Vol. X. London, 1831. Pickering.

As beautiful and elegant a volume as its predecessors—and more cannot be said in its praise. A life of Surrey, written in the most minute spirit of antiquarian research, is prefixed. Biographers are generally accused of a leaning in

favour of their subject: this accusation at least cannot be brought against the present writer. In his anxiety to take an opposite course to that of Dr. Nott, whose life of Surrey leans to the romantic and most favourable view, the author now before us shews quite a dislike to his hero; and Surrey leaves his hands as much despoiled of all interest as is well possible.

We must say, that some of the conclusions are too invidiously drawn: there seems to us no sufficient grounds for calling him an unkind son—an inference founded on a complaint of "ungrateful children," in one of his mother's letters. The Duchess of Norfolk, in every chronicle of the times, is recorded as an intemperate and ill-disposed person, who seems to have scrupled little at any falsehood in the indulgence of an ungovernable temper. And when even his present severe biographer allows, that to his father he was a kind son, that he was also a good husband and father, it seems harsh and partial judgment to impeach his filial piety on no better authority than a violent woman's violent expression. There is not a grain of imagination throughout the memoir; but there is the most careful industry. Now, if the reader be so disposed, he can himself supply the want of fancy; but it would be a more difficult task to supply the facts and ingenious deductions of the most pains-taking investigation. The passage about Surrey's arms is so curious that we quote it—we allude to his quartering the arms of Edward the Confessor—one of the capital charges brought against him.

"The crime for which this young nobleman was arraigned has never been properly examined; and, satisfied with its manifest absurdity, historians as well as the biographers of Surrey have omitted to point out upon what grounds that inference is justified. The arms of King Edward the Confessor are presumed to have been a blue field charged with a gold cross flory at the ends, between five gold martlets, a kind of swallow without legs; but as heraldry was then unknown, it is extremely doubtful if this or any other bearing was used by that monarch. Arms appear to have been used by the kings of England in the reign of Richard the First, who bore a red shield, charged with three gold lions, which have ever since been deemed to be the arms of England. As early as the time of Edward the First, and probably about a century before, the arms of three saints were always borne on banners in the English army, and on all state occasions, namely, those of St. George, the tutelar saint of this country, of St. Edmund, and of St. Edward the Confessor; but neither of these ensigns was deemed to be connected with the sovereignty of England. Richard the Second, however, being actuated by extraordinary veneration for St. Edward the Confessor, chose him for his patron saint, and impaled his arms with those of England and France; and at the same time, he granted the Confessor's arms to be borne per pale with the paternal coats of two or three of the most eminent noblemen of the day, each of whom was descended from the blood royal. One of the persons so distinguished was Thomas Mowbray, Earl of Nottingham and Duke of Norfolk, the right to whose arms and quarterings was indisputably inherited by the Earl of Surrey; but the right to the coat of the Confessor depends upon whether it was granted to Mowbray for life only, or to him and his heirs, a point which has not been ascertained. Conceiving himself, however, entitled to it, Surrey, in marshalling his arms, included it with his other numerous

quarterings; and the injustice of construing the act into a treasonable design is still more apparent from other circumstances. Neither Henry the Eighth, nor any other monarch after Richard the Second, ever used the arms of the Confessor in conjunction with their own; and the statement that Prince Edward then did so with a label, is not supported by any other evidence. Surrey introduced the label as the proper distinction of his arms from those of his father, so that he appears to have done nothing that he was not authorised by law to do; and even at this moment heralds allow the Confessor's arms to several noble families. It is remarkable, that whilst this preposterous accusation was brought against Surrey, he himself bore the royal arms by virtue of his descent from Thomas of Brotherton, the son of Edward the First; whilst various other noblemen in the reign of Henry the Eighth quartered the royal arms of England and France; and two, if not more of them, the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Wiltshire, had borne them, not in the inferior position of the third or fourth, but in the first quarter, as their paternal arms, with impunity, and as a matter of acknowledged right."

The whole romance of the fair Geraldine is utterly demolished by the author of the present life of Lord Surrey.

The Correspondence of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart.; with Reminiscences of the most distinguished Characters who have appeared in Great Britain, and in Foreign Countries, during the last Fifty Years. Illustrated by Facsimiles of Two Hundred Autographs. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

AFTER sifting these volumes with considerable patience, we are bound to say, that they contain a mass of curious information, and many entertaining anecdotes, as well as notices of persons of celebrity with whom the author has had intercourse, and of places he has seen under circumstances of more than common interest. We must likewise state, however, that there is also a considerable sacrifice of space to mere names, and to matters which do not repay the time spent in discussing them. Compilatory notes, thanks for books presented, &c. &c. acquire no claim to publication from being written by Prince This, or the famous That. In other cases, the subjects are rendered far more deserving of attention by the characters of the persons who write upon them; as when, in the second volume of this work, we find Washington, like another Cincinnatus, at the plough, entering into all the details of statistics, agriculture, buying and breeding, with the worthy Scots Baronet, who has devoted so long a life to these and other useful inquiries, well deserving the inscription which he tells us the Bishop of Blois wrote to him as "the most indefatigable man in Britain, and the man in Europe of the greatest acquaintance." A similar record is preserved in a more playful vein—a letter from Sir J. Macpherson in 1807, says:

"Go on with your united military and agricultural labours, and they will aid to give that longevity to Britannia which you have been usually explaining to her children. The lives of states and individuals are lengthened and shortened by corresponding causes. Your life as a traveller, a financial historian, an armed yeoman, a parliament man, and a president of a board of agriculture, has been as useful as it has been various in its pursuits; not forgetting your own rising generation, and your statistical

labours. Continue; and may good, and every satisfaction, attend your liberal pursuits."

This is well borne out by the list of Sir J. Sinclair's works given in these volumes:—

"1. Personal Works.	Vols.
1. Observations on the Scottish Dialect	1
2. Various Tracts on the Navy, the Militia, &c.	1
3. History of the Revenue	3
4. Miscellaneous Essays	1
5. Husbandry of Scotland	2
6. Tracts on the Bullion Question	1
7. Tracts on the authenticity of Osian	1
8. Code of Health (first edition)	4
9. Code of Agriculture	1
10. Analysis of the Statistical Account of Scotland.	1
	16
"2. Works, in general drawn up by others, but printed under my directions.	
1. The Statistical Account of Scotland	91
2. Various Agricultural Reports, in 4to.	10
3. The County Reports of England and Scotland, in 8vo.	70
4. The General Report of Scotland	5
	—106
Total number of volumes	122

The conclusion is also so characteristic, that we must quote it.

"On the plans which are still in the author's contemplation.—After so many years of incessant labour, the publication of so many works, on such a variety of subjects, my having recently entered into the seventy-seventh year of my age, and having so numerous a family as thirteen children, and fourteen grand-children, many would recommend a life of retirement and repose; but various reasons have induced me to resolve on a different plan. 1. I find that a life of inactivity and idleness is the most irksome of any; and I am persuaded that an active mind degenerates, unless some great objects be kept in view: 2. From the attention I have paid to the subjects of health and longevity, I find that I am still capable of great exertion, either personal or mental: and, 3. I have for some time been employed in collecting the materials of some works, as the author of which I wish to have my name handed down to posterity, looking upon those I have hitherto published, with two exceptions (the Codes of Agriculture and Health), as of inferior value. On all these grounds, I have been induced to undertake completing what I call 'the Codean System of Literature,' comprehending four great works: 1. A Code or Digest of Agriculture; 2. A Code of Health and Longevity; 3. A Code of Political Economy, founded on statistical inquiries; and, 4. A Code or Digest of Religion. The two first of these works having been already printed, only require to be revised; and the materials of the two latter having been collected, and a plan for drawing them up having been arranged, the principal difficulties in regard to their publication have been surmounted."

We shall now select a few specimens of the multifarious contents of these volumes, which consist of correspondence with every quarter of the earth, with people of all kinds, from the throne to the workshop, and on almost every topic that could be suggested to an active and inquisitive mind.

"At Berlin (says Sir John, in 1786), I recollect an interesting discussion on the question, 'To what circumstance it was owing, that the French language prevailed so much in Germany, and in other parts of Europe?' On this subject, it was remarked by M. de Wilner, whom the new king much consulted, 'That the prevalence of the French was not owing to the superiority of the language itself to the English or German, or to any greater ability in the French authors, but in a great measure to the number of refugees driven from France

when the Edict of Nantz was repealed, who acted as teachers in every country where they went, and served to spread the French language, manners, and dress, all over the continent.' This remark was more applicable to Germany than to several other parts of Europe. I heard two anecdotes of Frederick, which I think it right here to record, as they do credit to the wit and manly spirit of two British subjects. A Dr. Baylis, having spent his fortune in vainly endeavouring to get a seat in parliament, was at last obliged to study medicine, and established himself in Saxony, where he acquired a great reputation. The King of Prussia offered him very handsome terms to settle at his capital, which he accepted. Upon his arrival in Berlin, and being introduced at court, the king said to him: 'Dites-moi un peu, monsieur, combien de monde avez-vous expédié, avant de parvenir à votre grande réputation?' 'Pas la moitié autant que votre majesté,' replied the doctor. It was so home a thrust that the king never forgave it. He liked to be witty himself, but not to be the cause of wit in others, or to give them any advantage over him in conversation. Hence he soon quarrelled with Voltaire and other distinguished literary characters. Sir Andrew Mitchell, a North Briton, was long ambassador at Berlin, particularly during the seven years' war, and attended the king during all his battles and campaigns. One day intelligence was received of great rejoicings in England, on account of some victory, with acknowledgments to the Divine Being for his powerful aid. On this the king asked Sir Andrew, 'Si le peuple d'Angleterre étoit assez fou pour supposer que le bon Dieu étoit un de leurs alliés?' To which Sir Andrew answered: 'Que, s'il en étoit ainsi, il ne prendroit point de subsides.' As it is well known that the King of Prussia was enabled to carry on the war, in a great measure, by the aid of English subsidies, the stroke was peculiarly cutting."

The following remarks are not inapplicable at the present time.

"Notwithstanding all the disadvantages attending it, there are never wanting, however, a sufficient number of persons anxious to obtain seats in parliament, and thus to enter on the career of politics. The objects which commonly influence their conduct may be briefly enumerated.

"1. To obtain fame.—But this is rarely practicable. The character and talents of a statesman may be warmly eulogised by one set of men, but will be as loudly reprobated by another, and the public do not well know which to believe.

"2. The acquisition of wealth.—Though some individuals and families have profited by enjoying official situations, yet many more have been ruined. Lord Chesterfield, in his Letters to his son (No. 89, vol. iv. p. 565), informs us, that the famous Duke of Newcastle, after holding great offices for fifty years, died £300,000 poorer than when he first came into power.

"3. Rank.—The acquisition of hereditary titles is certainly a desirable object, more especially when bestowed for public services. Indeed, when a British peerage is bestowed, it is not only accompanied with political power, but, if the private fortune of the individual be inadequate, his family is, in general, provided for at the public expense.

"4. Personal decorations.—These distinctions, when indiscriminately awarded; cannot be objected to, more especially as they die with the person on whom they are originally bestowed. It is a cheap way of recompensing public services."

"5. Patronage.—Fox often declared, 'that the pleasures of patronage seemed to him the circumstance which chiefly rendered the possession of political power desirable.' It is patronage, and not pecuniary emolument, which all high-minded men covet."

Upon mentioning to Mr. Bamber Gascoigne, "that the changing one member of an administration would be no great loss to it, more especially if he was not a very efficient minister," he replied, 'Be assured that you are quite mistaken; for it is a general rule, that an administration is like a set of nine pins—if you knock down one, the others are very apt to follow in succession.'"

Of the late Lord Melville we are told an interesting anecdote, which is also curiously illustrative of his illustrious friend, W. Pitt.

"In December 1796 I happened to meet with the noble lord at St. James's, when he said to me, 'It is a long time, Sir John, since you have been at Wimbledon. Name any time when you can spend a day with us, and we shall be most happy to see you.' By accident I fixed upon the last day of that year. Upon reaching Wimbledon to dinner, I found Mr. Pitt there. Lady Melville and the beautiful Miss Duncan (afterwards Lady Dalrymple Hamilton) were the only ladies present. We spent the evening principally in conversation, but also played a short time at cards; and about eleven we went to bed. As soon as I got up next morning, I proceeded to Mr. Dundas's library, where I found him reading a long paper on the importance of conquering the Cape of Good Hope, to add to the security of our Indian possessions. I said to him, on entering, 'I come, Mr. Dundas, to wish you a good new year, and many happy returns of it.' His answer I shall never forget.—'I hope that this year will be happier than the last, for I scarcely recollect having spent one happy day in the whole of it.' On this remark the following reflections naturally occurred: 'Here I am living in the same house with the two men the most looked up to, and the most envied of any in the country. I have just heard the declaration of the one, and I am convinced that the feelings of the other are not materially different. Can anything more strongly prove the miseries attending political pursuits?' After breakfast Mr. Pitt asked me to return to London in his carriage, when he immediately commenced a political conversation. He said that the finances of the country were getting into a state of great disorder, from the enormous expenses of the war; and he was apprehensive that it would be extremely difficult to raise the necessary supplies for carrying it on much longer. He then added, 'As you have attended so much to those subjects, and have written the history of our finances, I should be glad to have your opinion as to the measures that ought to be pursued at such a crisis.' I suggested the idea of a loyalty loan, and that every individual should be called upon, in proportion to his income, to lend a sum of money to government, at a fair interest, according to the rate at the time. He entered at once into the idea: it was subsequently carried into effect, and ultimately produced those taxes on income and property which enabled us to carry on the war, and to bring it to so happy a conclusion."

"Lord Melville was a great friend to decision in business; and it was with him a favourite maxim, 'that delay leads to procrastination—procrastination to neglect—and neglect to oblivion.' He considered it extremely desirable in a free constitution, that there should be parties steadily opposed to each other, that the

measures of those in power might be vigilantly scrutinised, and when unable to stand investigation, successfully resisted. Hence he occasionally gave as a toast—'A strong administration, and a firm and able opposition.' The celebrated John Wilkes had the highest opinion of his oratorical powers. He thus discriminated to me the talents of the principal speakers in the House of Commons:—'Fox has most logic, Burke most fancy, Sheridan most real wit, Pitt excels in command of words and ingenuity of argument, but Dundas, with all the disadvantage of being a Scotsman, is our greatest orator. There is (he added) much sound sense, and no rubbish in his speeches.' At first he had great difficulty to obtain a patient hearing, owing to his Scotch pronunciation and dialect; but these defects were soon forgotten, from the force and ability with which his sentiments were delivered. As it was late in life before he got into parliament, he thought it better not to take any particular pains in correcting those national defects; and the house became so much accustomed to them that they proved no material detriment to his success as an orator."

Of Lord Erskine:—

"Lord Erskine was the youngest of three brothers, all of whom were remarkable for their wit and powers of conversation. The learned lord was particularly addicted to punning, of which I recollect the following instance:—I happened accidentally to inform him, that a female relation of his was unwell. He asked me what was the nature of her complaint. My answer was, 'water in her chest.' 'If that is the case,' he replied, 'she is not much to be pitied. It is very lucky, in these hard times, to have any thing in one's chest.' Lord Erskine used frequently to compose short epigrams, which often contained much point and humour. As a specimen, may be mentioned four lines he wrote on hearing that the spurs of Napoleon had been found in the imperial carriage after the battle of Waterloo. Lord Erskine said they ought to be presented to the prince regent, with this inscription:

These Napoleon left behind,
Flying swifter than the wind;
Needless to him when buckled on,
Wanting no spur but Wellington."

Of Mirza Abu Taleb Khan, the well-known Persian ambassador, Sir John relates:—"At one of the dinners I gave to the Mirza, the celebrated Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, was present. The bishop observed that the Persian took wine very freely; upon which he said to him—'Mirza, how comes this? Is not drinking wine prohibited by the Koran?' Upon which the Persian said, 'I take it by inference. In the Koran it is said, that we may take whatever is good for our health. I am informed that taking wine, in this country, is good for the health; and therefore I infer, that I may take it consistently with the precepts of the Koran.'"

"There was, at the same time, a great jealousy among the Irish statesmen, for the patronage of their own country. Lord Clare and Mr. Beresford wanted to get rid of Lord Castlereagh, who, they found, had more influence with Mr. Pitt than they had; and being accustomed to intrigues, they contrived, through the medium of the Archbishop of Canterbury (Lord Auckland's brother-in-law) and others, to blow up the flame. Their object was, partly to shake Lord Castlereagh's power, and partly to get rid of the Catholic emancipation, which they considered to be a dangerous measure. These intrigues, also, were much aided by Lord Liverpool, in hopes that it

would bring forward his favourite son, Lord Hawkesbury. Mr. Pitt, therefore, found a much greater resistance to his proposal of emancipation than he had at all anticipated; and being unaccustomed to have any favourite measure thwarted or controlled, he thought that the best mode of obtaining his object would be to threaten to give in his resignation, little dreaming that it would ever be accepted of. The king, however, had made it a matter of conscience to resist the measure, and had even canvassed several members of both houses to oppose it in parliament, that he might not be under the disagreeable necessity of giving it the royal negative, which he had resolved on, if the bill had passed both houses. In vain Mr. Secretary Dundas endeavoured to convince him, that it was not contrary to his coronation oath. His answer was, 'That he wanted none of his Scotch sophistry, and that it was better for him to change his ministers than his religion.' Other causes may have contributed to sour the king's mind, and to sow dissensions in the cabinet; but had it not been for the Catholic question, they would never have gone to any great extremity."

A fine collection of autographs of great and remarkable persons gives an additional value to these volumes.

Fragments of Voyages and Travels, including Anecdotes of a Naval Life: chiefly for the Use of Young Persons. By Capt. Basil Hall, R.N. F.R.S. 3 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1831, Cadell; London, Whitaker and Co.

THE general national feeling and popular movement towards the navy has, of late years, been eminently sustained and kept alive by various literary works of no common standard. The splendid prose of Southey, so worthily employed on the triumphs of our great naval hero, will never cease, as long as our nation or language have existence, to "revive the old and inspire the young;" while the less ostentatious but more touching record of poor Collingwood's life and services, his unflinching perseverance under wearying difficulties, and patriotic self-devotion to the many deaths of lingering disease, stamp him as a finished model for professional imitation, and the unceasing object of his country's lament. Favourably disposed as the English public thus to works having for their purpose the development of that cherished but somewhat anomalous character—the British sailor; Captain Hall has not speculated badly on the subject he has chosen for his present literary adventure. His volumes consist of an agreeable mélange of autobiography, naval anecdote, and sketches of a somewhat discursive nature, which we have felt much pleasure in perusing, although not perhaps unalloyed with feelings of an opposite nature; for the gallant author here, as elsewhere, contrives, out of charity, to throw a bone to the critics, to preserve the race of snarlers from starvation. But more of this anon. We have enough of agreeable matter, for the time present, to occupy both our own and readers' attention.

The title-page to these volumes indicates their being chiefly intended for young persons; but we are very much mistaken if the race of gray-beards will be the least numerous class among the readers of "midshipmen's pranks," and the humours of the gun-room. To us the following is irresistible.

"During the long winters of our slothful discontent at Bermuda, caused by the peace of Amiens, the grand resource, both of the idle

and the busy, amongst all classes of the Leander's officers, was shooting—that never-ending, still-beginning amusement, which Englishmen carry to the remotest corners of the habitable globe—popping away in all countries, thinking only of the game, and often but too reckless of the prejudices or fears of the natives. This propensity is indulged even in those uninhabited regions of the earth which are visited only once in an age; and if Captain Parry had reached the Pole, he would unquestionably have had a shot at the axis of the earth! In the mean time, the officers and the young gentlemen of the flag-ship at Bermuda, in the beginning of 1803, I suppose to keep their hands in for the war which they saw brewing, and hourly prayed for, were constantly blazing away amongst the cedar groves and orange plantations of those fairy islands, which appeared more and more beautiful after every such excursion. The midshipmen were generally obliged to content themselves with knocking down the blue and the red birds with the ship's pistols, charged with his majesty's gunpowder, and, for want of small shot, with slugs formed by cutting up his majesty's musket-bullets. The officers aimed at higher game, and were, of course, better provided with guns and ammunition. Several of these gentlemen had brought from England some fine dogs—high-bred pointers; while the middies, also, not to be outdone, must needs have a dog of their own: they recked very little of what breed; but some sort of animal they said they must have. I forget how we procured the strange-looking beast whose services we contrived to engage; but, having once obtained him, we were not slow in giving him our best affections. It is true, he was as ugly as any thing could possibly be. His colour was a dirty, reddish yellow; and while a part of his hair twisted itself up in curls, a part hung down, quite straight, almost to the ground. He was utterly useless for all the purposes of real sport, but quite good enough to furnish the mids with plenty of fun when they went on shore—in chasing pigs, barking at old, white-headed negroes, and other amusements, suited to the exalted taste and habits of the rising generation of officers. People will differ as to the merits of dogs; but we had no doubts as to the great superiority of ours over all the others on board, though the name we gave him certainly implied no such confidence on our part. After a full deliberation, it was decided to call him Shakings. Now, it must be explained that shakings is the name given to small fragments of rope yarns, odds and ends of cordage, bits of oakum, old lanyards,—in short, to any kind of refuse arising out of the wear and tear of the ropes. This odd name was perhaps bestowed on our beautiful favourite in consequence of his colour not being very dissimilar to that of well-tarred Russia hemp; while the resemblance was increased by many a dab of pitch, which his rough coat imbibed from the seams between the planks of the deck, in the hot weather. If old Shakings was no great beauty, he was, at least, the most companionable of dogs; and though he dearly loved the midshipmen, and was dearly beloved by them in return, he had enough of the animal in his composition to take a still higher pleasure in the society of his own kind. So that, when the high-bred, showy pointers belonging to the officers came on board, after a shooting excursion, Mr. Shakings lost no time in applying to them for the news. The pointers, who liked this sort of familiarity very well, gave poor Shakings all sorts of encouragement. Not so their masters;

—they could not bear to see such an abominable cur, as they called our favourite, at once so cursedly dirty and so utterly useless, mixing with their sleek and well-kept animals. At first their dislike was confined to such insulting expressions as these; then it came to an occasional kick, or a knock on the nose with the but-end of a fowling-piece; and lastly, to a sound cut with the hunting-whip. Shakings, who instinctively knew his place, took all this, like a sensible fellow, in good part; while the mids, when out of hearing of the higher powers, uttered curses both loud and deep against the tyranny and oppression exercised against an animal which, in their fond fancy, was declared to be worth all the dogs in the ward-room put together. They were little prepared, however, for the stroke which soon fell upon them, perhaps in consequence of these very murmurs. To their great horror and indignation, one of the lieutenants, provoked at some liberty which Master Shakings had taken with his newly-polished boot, called out, one morning—'Man the jolly-boat, and land that infernal, dirty, ugly beast of a dog belonging to the young gentlemen!' 'Where shall I take him to, sir?' asked the strokesman of the boat. 'Oh, any where; pull to the nearest part of the shore, and pitch him out on the rocks. He'll shift for himself, I have no doubt.' So off went poor dear Shakings! If a stranger had come into the midshipmen's birth at that moment, he might have thought his majesty's naval service was about to be broken up. All allegiance, discipline, or subordination, seemed utterly cancelled by this horrible act. Many were the execrations hurled upwards at the offending 'knobs,' who, we thought, were combining to make our lives miserable. Some of our party voted for writing a letter of remonstrance to the admiral against this unheard-of outrage; and one youth swore deeply that he would leave the service, unless justice were obtained. But as he had been known to swear the same thing half-a-dozen times every day since he joined the ship, no great notice was taken of this pledge. Another declared, upon his word of honour, that such an act was enough to make a man turn Turk, and fly his country! At last, by general agreement, it was decided that we should not do a bit of duty, or even stir from our seats, till we obtained redress for our grievances. However, while we were in the very act of vowing mutiny and disobedience, the hands were turned up to 'furl sails!' upon which the whole party, totally forgetting their magnanimous resolution, scudded up the ladders, and jumped into their stations with more than usual alacrity, wisely thinking, that the moment for actual revolt had not yet arrived. A better scheme than throwing up the service, or writing to the admiral, or turning Mussulmen, was afterwards concocted. The midshipman who went on shore in the next boat easily got hold of poor Shakings, who was howling on the steps of the watering place. In order to conceal him, he was stuffed, neck and crop, into the captain's cloak-bag, brought safely on board, and restored once more to the bosom of his friends. In spite of all we could do, however, to keep Master Shakings below, he presently found his way to the quarter-deck, to receive the congratulations of the other dogs. There he was soon detected by the higher powers, and very shortly afterwards trundled over the gangway, and again tossed on the beach. Upon this occasion he was honoured by the presence of one of his own masters, a middy, sent upon this express duty, who was specially desired to land the brute, and not to

bring him on board again. Of course, this particular youngster did not bring the dog off; but, before night, somehow or other, old Shakings was snoring away, in grand chorus with his more fashionable friends the pointers, and dreaming no evil, before the door of the very officer's cabin whose beautifully-polished boots he had brushed by so rudely in the morning,—an offence that had led to his banishment. This second return of our dog was too much. The whole posse of us were sent for on the quarter-deck, and in very distinct terms positively ordered not to bring Shakings on board again. These injunctions having been given, this wretched victim, as we termed him, of oppression, was once more landed amongst the cedar groves. This time he remained a full week on shore; but how or when he found his way off again, no one ever knew—at least no one chose to divulge. Never was there any thing like the mutual joy felt by Shakings and his two dozen masters. He careered about the ship, barked and yelled with delight, and, in his raptures, actually leaped, with his dirty feet, on the milk-white duck trousers of the disgusted officers, who heartily wished him at the bottom of the anchorage! Thus the poor beast unwittingly contributed to accelerate his hapless fate, by this ill-timed shew of confidence in those who were then plotting his ruin. If he had kept his paws to himself, and staid quietly in the dark recesses of the cock-pit, wings, cable-tiers, and other wild regions, the secrets of which were known only to the inhabitants of our sub-marine world, all might yet have been well. We had a grand jollification on the night of Shakings' restoration; and his health was in the very act of being drunk, with three times three, when the officer of the watch, hearing an uproar below, the sounds of which were conveyed distinctly up the windsail, sent down to put our lights out; and we were forced to march off, growling, to our hammocks. Next day, to our surprise and horror, old Shakings was not to be seen or heard of. We searched every where, interrogated the cockswains of all the boats, and cross-questioned the marines who had been sentries during the night on the fore-castle, gangways, and poop; but all in vain!—no trace of Shakings could be found. At length the idea began to gain ground amongst us, that the poor beast had been put an end to by some diabolical means; and our ire mounted accordingly. This suspicion seemed the more natural, as the officers said not a word about the matter, nor even asked us what we had done with our dog. While we were in this state of excitement and distraction for our loss, one of the midshipmen, who had some drollery in his composition, gave a new turn to the expression of our thoughts. This gentleman, who was more than twice as old as most of us, say about thirty, had won the affections of the whole of our class, by the gentleness of his manners, and the generous part he always took on our side. He bore amongst us the pet name of Daddy; and certainly he was like a father to those amongst us who, like myself, were quite adrift in the ship, without any one to look after them. He was a man of talents and classical education, but he had entered the navy far too late in life ever to take to it cordially. His habits, indeed, had become so rigid, that they could never be made to bend to the mortifying kind of discipline which it appears essential every officer should run through, but which only the young and light-hearted can brook. Our worthy friend, accordingly, with all his abilities, taste, and acquirements, never seemed at home on board ship; and unless a man can

reach this point of liking for the sea, he is better on shore. At all events, old Daddy cared more about his books than about the blocks, and delighted much more in giving us assistance in our literary pursuits, and trying to teach us to be useful, than in rendering himself a proficient in those professional mysteries, which he never hoped to practise in earnest himself. What this very interesting person's early history was, we never could find out; nor why he entered the navy; nor how it came, that a man of his powers and accomplishments should have been kept back so long. Indeed, the youngsters never inquired too closely into these matters, being quite contented to have the advantage of his protection against the oppression of some of the other oldsters, who occasionally bullied them. Upon all occasions of difficulty, we were in the habit of clustering round him, to tell our grievances, great and small, with the certainty of always finding in him that great desideratum in calamity—a patient and friendly listener. It will easily be supposed, that our kind Daddy took more than usual interest in this affair of Shakings, and that he was applied to by us at every stage of the transaction. He was sadly perplexed, of course, when the dog was finally missing; and, for some days, he could give us no comfort, nor suggest any mode of revenge which was not too dangerous for his young friends to put in practice. He prudently observed, that as we had no certainty to go upon, it would be foolish to get ourselves into a serious scrape for nothing at all. 'There can be no harm, however,' he continued, in his dry and slightly-sarcastic way, which all who knew him will recollect as well as if they saw him now, drawing his hand slowly across his mouth and chin, 'There can be no harm, my boys, in putting the other dogs in mourning for their dear departed friend Shakings; for, whatever is come of him, he is lost to them as well as to us, and his memory ought to be duly respected.' This hint was no sooner given than a cry was raised for crape, and every chest and bag ransacked, to procure badges of mourning. The pointers were speedily rigged up with a large bunch of crape, tied in a handsome bow, upon the left leg of each, just above the knee. The joke took immediately. The officers could not help laughing; for, though we considered them little better than fiends at that moment of excitement, they were, in fact, except in this instance, the best-natured and most indulgent men I remember to have sailed with. They, of course, ordered the crape to be instantly cut off from the dogs' legs; and one of the officers remarked to us, seriously, that as we had now had our piece of fun out, there were to be no more such tricks. Off we scampered, to consult old Daddy what was to be done next, as we had been positively ordered not to meddle any more with the dogs. 'Put the pigs in mourning,' he said. All our crape was expended by this time; but this want was soon supplied by men whose trade it is to discover resources in difficulty. With a generous devotion to the cause of public spirit, one of these juvenile mutineers pulled off his black handkerchief, and, tearing it in pieces, gave a portion to each of the circle, and away we all started to put into practice this new suggestion of our director-general of mischief. The row which ensued in the pig-sty was prodigious—for in those days, hogs were allowed a place on board a man-of-war,—a custom most wisely abolished of late years, since nothing can be more out of character with any ship than such nuisances. As these matters of taste and

cleanliness were nothing to us, we did not intermit our noisy labour till every one of the grunters had his armet of such crape as we had been able to muster. We then watched our opportunity, and opened the door so as to let out the whole herd of swine on the main-deck, just at a moment when a group of the officers were standing on the fore part of the quarter-deck. Of course, the liberated pigs, delighted with their freedom, passed in review under the very nose of our superiors, each with his mourning knot displayed, grunting or squealing along, as if it was their express object to attract attention to their domestic sorrow for the loss of Shakings. The officers were excessively provoked, as they could not help seeing that all this was affording entertainment, at their expense, to the whole crew; for, although the men took no part in this touch of insubordination, they were ready enough, in those idle times of the weary, weary peace, to catch at any species of distraction or devilry, no matter what, to compensate for the loss of their wonted occupation of pommeling their enemies. The matter, therefore, necessarily became rather serious; and the whole gang of us being sent for on the quarter-deck, we were ranged in a line, each with his toes at the edge of a plank, according to the orthodox fashion of these gregarious scoldings, technically called 'toe-the-line matches.' We were then given to understand that our proceedings were impertinent, and, after the orders we had received, highly offensive. It was with much difficulty that either party could keep their countenances during this official lecture, for, while it was going on, the sailors were endeavouring, by the direction of the officers, to remove the bits of silk from the legs of the pigs. If, however, it be difficult—as most difficult we found it—to put a hog into mourning, it is a job ten times more troublesome to take him out again. Such at least is the fair inference from these two experiments; the only ones perhaps on record,—for it cost half the morning to undo what we had effected in less than an hour—to say nothing of the unceasing and outrageous uproar which took place along the decks, especially under the guns, and even under the coppers, forward in the galley, where two or three of the youngest pigs had wedged themselves, apparently resolved to die rather than submit to the degradation of being deprived of their mourning. All this was very creditable to the memory of poor Shakings; but, in the course of the day, the real secret of this extraordinary difficulty of taking a pig out of mourning was discovered. Two of the mids were detected in the very fact of tying on a bit of black buntin to the leg of a sow, from which the seamen declared they had already cut off crape and silk enough to have made her a complete suit of black. As soon as these fresh offences were reported, the whole party of us were ordered to the mast-head as a punishment. Some were sent to sit on the topmast cross-trees, some on the top-gallant yard-arms, and one small gentleman being perched at the jib-boom end, was very properly balanced abaft by another little culprit at the extremity of the gaff. In this predicament we were hung out to dry for six or eight hours, as old Daddy remarked to us with a grin, when we were called down as the night fell. Our persevering friend, being rather provoked at the punishment of his young flock, now set to work to discover the real fate of Shakings. It soon occurred to him, that if the dog had really been made away with, as he shrewdly suspected, the butcher, in all probability, must have had a hand in his murder;

accordingly, he sent for the man in the evening, when the following dialogue took place:—'Well, butcher, will you have a glass of grog to-night?' 'Thank you, sir, thank you. Here's your honour's health!' said the other, after smoothing down his hair, and pulling an immense quid of tobacco out of his mouth. Old Daddy observed the peculiar relish with which the butcher took his glass; and mixing another, a good deal more potent, placed it before the fellow, and continued the conversation in these words: 'I tell you what it is, Mr. Butcher—you are as humane a man as any in the ship, I dare say; but, if required, you know well, that you must do your duty, whether it is upon sheep or hogs?' 'Surely, sir.' 'Or upon dogs, either?' suddenly asked the inquisitor. 'I don't know about that,' stammered the butcher, quite taken by surprise, and thrown all aback. 'Well—well,' said Daddy, 'here's another glass for you—a stiff north-wester. Come! tell us all about it now. How did you get rid of the dog?—of Shakings, I mean?' 'Why, sir,' said the peaching rogue, 'I put him in a bag—a bread bag, sir.' 'Well!—what then?' 'I tied up the mouth, and put him overboard—out of the midship lower-deck port, sir.' 'Yes—but he would not sink?' said Daddy. 'Oh, sir,' cried the butcher, now entering fully into the merciless spirit of his trade, 'I put a four-and-twenty-pound shot into the bag along with Shakings.' 'Did you?'—Then, Master Butcher, all I can say is, you are as precious a rascal as ever went about unchanged. There—drink your grog, and be off with you!' Next morning, when the officers were assembled at breakfast in the ward-room, the door of the captain of marines' cabin was suddenly opened, and that officer, half shaved, and laughing through a collar of soap-suds, stalked out, with a paper in his hand. 'Here,' he exclaimed, 'is a copy of verses, which I found just now in my basin. I can't tell how they got there, nor what they are about;—but you shall judge.' So he read the two following stanzas of doggerel:—

'When the Northern Confed'racy threatened our shores,
And roused Albion's lion, reclining to sleep,
Preservation was taken of all the king's stores,
Nor so much a rope yarn was launched in the deep.
But now it is peace, other hopes are in view,
And all active service as light as a feather,
The stores may be d—d, and humanity too,
For SHAKINGS and shot are thrown o'erboard together!'

I need hardly say in what quarter of the ship this biting morsel of cock-pit satire was concocted, nor indeed who wrote it, for there was no one but our good Daddy who was equal to such a flight. About midnight, an urchin—who shall be nameless—was thrust out of one of the after-ports of the lower deck, from which he clambered up to the marine officer's port, and the sash happening to have been lowered down on the gun, the epigram, copied by another of the youngsters, was pitched into the soldier's basin. The wisest thing would have been for the officers to have said nothing about the matter, and let it blow by. But angry people are seldom judicious—so they made a formal complaint to the captain, who, to do him justice, was not a little puzzled how to settle the affair. The reputed author, however, was called up, and the captain said to him:—'Pray, sir, are you the writer of these lines?' 'I am, sir,' he replied, after a little consideration. 'Then—all I can say is,' remarked the captain, 'they are clever enough, in their way—but take my advice, and write no more such verses.' So the affair ended. The satirist took the captain's hint in good part, and con-

fined his pen to topics below the surface of the water."

[To be continued.]

Major Keppel's Journey across the Balkan, &c.
[Second Notice.]

At Adrianople Lord Dunlop and Major Keppel (whom we left there at the close of our preceding notice) were hospitably entertained by Mr. Duveluz, the British consul, of whose domestic establishment, &c. we have the subjoined touching story:

"The consul's house is nearly the best in the town. The fate of its preceding occupants is an example of the uncertainty of life in this country. It was successively the property of two brothers. One fell a victim to the plague, when that heavy scourge last visited Adrianople; the other, who succeeded him in his property, was decapitated shortly after, before his own door. Among the servants of the consul is a beautiful Greek of the name of Marigo, who comes nearer to my idea of a Hebe than almost any other woman I ever saw. Moreover, she is not only very pretty, but very good. Her adventures are a picture of the country and times in which she lives. I relate them as I heard them, partly from Mr. Duveluz and partly from her own mouth. She was born at Scio; her father, a man in comfortable circumstances, was remarked for his facetious character, even in that island, the former abode of wit and mirth. At the insurrection of Scio, he was one of the first who fell in that terrible massacre. His unhappy widow, with four children, of whom Marigo was the youngest, fled into the mountains, with a little dry bread and a pitcher of water, and hid themselves in the cavity of one of the highest rocks in the island. They remained unmolested for two days, though they were kept in dreadful alarm by the constant report of fire-arms, the savage yells of the Turks, and the despairing screams of their victims. Their supply of water exhausted, the mother resolved in the dead of night to refill the pitcher; but the courageous little Marigo seized it from her mother's hands, said she would fetch the water, that she was the lightest and smallest of them all, and had the best chance of escaping unseen by the Turks. At midnight she set out on her good and bold enterprise, crept down the rock, and arrived at a spring, without any further inconvenience than cutting her feet with the sharp stones. As she was returning, she heard voices in the Turkish language near: she threw herself into a field of standing corn. She had been heard and was pursued. The Turks hunted for her with their yatagans. At last one of their party slightly wounded her. It was an old white-bearded negro, who hurried her away towards the town. They stopped at a house, and were admitted by another negro, who proved to be the son of her captor. The younger black immediately conceived a violent affection for the pretty captive: a quarrel between the men was the consequence; and it ended in the father's seizing a pistol and discharging the contents into his son's body. The wretched old man became frantic at what he had done, and mingled his yells of grief with his son's dying groans. The wounded man soon expired: the old father then opened the window, took up the corpse, and flung it into the street. He now became more furious than ever. At length he seized Marigo by her hair, dragged her into the street, and offered her for sale. Haji Baba, a nefarious slave-dealer of Adrianople, bought her for a handful of paras (a few pence), and took her to his depot, where she found a

number of companions in misfortune, who, together with herself, were put into a large boat, and landed at Gallipoli, whence she was brought to Adrianople. Here she had the happiness to fall into the hands of my excellent friend Mr. Duveluz, who redeemed her. Ever since, he has treated her like a daughter, and she repays his goodness with a daughter's love. Several of Marigo's companions in misfortune were sold in the Dardanelles to Turks, though Haji Baba had assured them that he intended to take them to Adrianople, and to dispose of them only to Christians. The greater portion, however, were brought to Adrianople. On his arrival, Haji Baba waited upon the consul, as the Christian subjects of the Porte did not dare to deal with him; and he himself was under the same apprehensions of treating openly with him for his slaves. The consul requested to see them. He was conducted to the place where they were confined. He describes it as the most heart-rending scene he ever beheld. They were the true picture of misery. Pale, emaciated, sickly, dirty, and in rags, they all flocked round him, and, with the most ardent prayers, begged he would redeem them. The voice of misery never pleaded in vain to my kind-hearted friend. He purchased the redemption of the six youngest, four of them (amongst whom was the pretty Marigo) he sent to Mrs. Duveluz, and consigned the care of the two others to his shoemaker, a married man, and an Ionian. In a very few days, through the assistance of the Greek archbishop of Adrianople, together with what he himself could spare, he obtained the liberty of all the poor creatures. Some were comfortably placed in Christian families; and several of the young girls Mr. Duveluz had the satisfaction of marrying well in the town, and of restoring others to their relations, who had escaped to different parts of Greece. Mr. and Mrs. Duveluz brought Marigo's mother from Smyrna in 1828. Her two sons, although the consul offered nine thousand piasters for their ransom, to a Turk at Cassaba, near Smyrna, he could never prevail upon him to sell them; and the Mahometan has since induced them to conform to his religion. Marigo's sister has never been heard of. It is not fair to throw the whole odium of the massacre at Scio on the Turks, inasmuch as it was brought on the Greeks entirely by themselves. The following remarks are from Sir Pulteney Malcolm's dragoman, one of the sufferers who was sent into slavery to Smyrna, and purchased by Captain Hamilton, of the Cambrian, for one or two dollars. At the time of the insurrection in Samos, the Greeks and Turks in Scio were living on the most friendly terms, and it was the general wish of the inhabitants to continue so; the Turks consequently refused to take any part in the struggle, and communicated their resolution to the constituted authorities. Greek deputies from Samos arrived, and constantly succeeded in raising disturbances, in which some Turks were killed, and hostilities then began, which ended in a general massacre. The Greeks were the aggressors, and took advantage of the state of security in which the few Turks in the island were living. The interference of the Turks with the Sciotes, previous to their insurrection, was confined to a small garrison in the castle, and a tribute paid in mastic to the seraglio. The prosperous state of the island is a proof how little they were molested. The Sciotes had few, if any, sailors amongst them; their ships, which were numerous, were manned by Ipsariotes. On the breaking out of the troubles, the ships were

withdrawn to Ipsara. At the massacre, numbers who escaped from the town fled to the other side of the island, opposite Ipsara, from which it is separated by a very narrow channel. The deplorable situation of Scio was perfectly well known; and these unhappy fugitives, by their cries and motions, endeavoured to persuade the Ipsariotes to come over and carry them away; not a boat shoved off, and, in sight of their own vessels, the unfortunate Sciotes were either massacred by the Turks, or obliged to throw themselves off the rocks into the sea; numbers, especially the women, preferred the latter alternative. By this treachery the Ipsariotes kept possession of the ships, whose owners were no longer in existence, and to obtain which, they stained their name with a crime of which history hardly affords a parallel. The day of retribution soon arrived, and Ipsara is now almost a desert island,—a few straggling houses are the only remains of a once flourishing town; and an occasional pirate-boat, the only vessel seen coming out of a port once the most frequented and busy of the Levant.

"We heard," continues the author, a few pages on, "this morning of a whimsical mistake of identity which occurred a few days before, and is the common talk of the town. An officer in Uhlans' corps of cavalry, well known to the consul, was walking along the streets, when a Bulgarian woman rushed out of her house, and ran towards him, exclaiming, 'My dear boy! what! now that you are in a fine dress, are you ashamed of your poor mother?' Soon after, an older woman claimed him for her grandson, and the younger branches of the family hailed him as a brother. He managed to make his escape for the time; but in passing shortly after through the streets, he was upbraided for his unnatural conduct in disowning his relations. Thus assailed, he applied to Count Diebitzsch for protection. An inquiry was established through the medium of the Bulgarian archbishop. The parties were confronted; the supposed mother called out, 'If it be my son, he has a scar on the left side of his forehead.' The officer's cap was removed, and, strange to say, the scar on the identical spot appeared. The woman triumphantly exclaimed, 'He had that scar when he was eight years old.' Here several Russian officers interposed, and said that the officer had left St. Petersburg without the scar, and had received it in an affair with the enemy before Shumla. Thus ended this comedy of errors."

"A bright-eyed young Greek lady was so obliging as to indulge our curiosity by appearing before us this morning in the dress of the last new fashion from the grand signior's seraglio. This habit is called *antari*: the upper part, or what ladies call the body, fits close to the shape, and shews the form very distinctly, the neck and chest being only covered with a thin gauze; the lower part of the dress is divided into three long lappets, which trail on the ground, one behind and two in front; the hinder one is two feet, and the two before each one foot broad. When the wearer walks, she places the two lappets between her legs, which, together with her capacious trousers, oblige her to make a stride at each step as if she were crossing a gutter. This fashion, which is of the sultan's especial choice, is of one colour; its sublime highness being a great lover of uniformity in the dress as well as in the complexion of his ladies: thus, he is said to be proof against the most fascinating dark eyes, if the hair and skin of the possessor be not found to correspond. The tightness of the

body of the dress is made in imitation of European fashions; as a further mark of his admiration of them, the sultan has lately put the whole seraglio into stays: a Turkish lady recently arrived from Constantinople wears a very tight pair, and is said to be of a most waspish shape, very different from that rotundity of form of which Ottoman ladies used formerly to be so proud. In the evening, the dragoman of the consulate and his wife came to pay their respects to Mrs. Duveluz. The lady is one of the belles of Adrianople, and looked exceedingly well in the head-dress of the country—an embroidered handkerchief, round which the hair is fantastically but not ungracefully wove. The fate of her father was that of which a parallel instance might be brought forward in most of the leading Greek families of Adrianople. He was beheaded in the first year of the Greek revolution; his alleged crime was wearing the *sex* or red cap, the distinguishing mark of the Turk. We heard that one day, the weather being warm, he had taken off the *calpac*, and had kept on the small red skull-cap which is generally worn under it: but in all probability the accusation was only a pretext for his execution: his situation as one of the principal Greek merchants would naturally have subjected him to the suspicion of being an accessory to the revolt; and, in such cases, a less offence would have ensured his doom.

The following very remarkable anecdote is told of the signature of the treaty between Russia and the Porte:

"The ratification not arriving, an aide-de-camp was despatched to Constantinople, to hurry the signature of the sultan, which had been protracted for a considerable time. I must digress for a moment, to mention the reason of the delay, since it is characteristic of the monarch, who is alleged to have risen above the prejudices of his nation. The paper on which these documents are generally written is gilded and painted in a particular manner. Unfortunately, none of the precious material was ready; and some days were required to manufacture it. It was in vain that they represented to the sultan the necessity of the signature, and not of the gilded paper. Nothing would move him. Like the King of Spain, who died of heat because the proper attendant was not by to remove his chair from the fire, this enlightened 'king of kings' ran the risk of having his capital taken, rather than infringe the slightest iota of etiquette. At last, the document, duly bedizened and gilded, made its appearance; and lucky was it for the sultan that he did so, for the Russian general fully intended to have advanced on the capital at all hazards, if the ratification had not opportunely made its appearance."

Of Turkish fortune-telling we have an amusing specimen.

"A sly-looking old dervish, of reputed sanctity, came to-day to tell our fortunes. His nonsense is only worth recording as shewing the universal prevalence of similar superstitions. After making a numerical calculation of the letters of our names, he read our destinies out of a book. Lord Dunlop's star was in the sixth heavens. The writer in the second heaven had decided that Wednesday is his fortunate day. He will be a rich and great man. His commands will be obeyed, as those of a king. He will have many enemies. He will have strife with those with whom he eats bread and salt. If he have a charm on his right arm, the good peri (fairy) will protect him. He had an illness at two years old; he

has since been in health, and will die at a good old age. My fortunate day is Friday. The evil eye has power over me. My heart is as light as the wind. I am impatient, if my orders are not instantly obeyed. My existence will be happy. I have royal blood in my veins. I am anxious about some lady. I also have enemies amongst the eaters of my bread and salt. A person whom I have benefited tries to injure me, but will neither succeed in this world nor the next. I make the best of every thing. Late in life I am to go to the holy land. My guardian angel's seal will protect me from the evil eye and evil tongue. I am to marry three, six, or nine wives. It is to be hoped, that, if I must fulfil this last part of my destiny, my guardian angel's seal will protect me from the penalty which the laws of my country will inflict for such an indulgence."

For the present, we must conclude with a description of the famous Russian general, now so conspicuous on the Polish theatre.

"Field-Marshal Count Diebitsch is a little, fat, plethoric-looking man, something less than five feet high; he has a very large head, with long black hair, small piercing eyes, and a complexion of the deepest scarlet, alike expressive of his devotion to cold punch, and of a certain irascibility of temper, which has elicited from the troops, to his proud title of *Zabalcansky* (or the Trans-Balkanian), the additional one of the *Semavar* (or the tea-kettle). I have said that Count Diebitsch owes his fortune to his face; the sequel will shew how. He is the second son of a Prussian officer, who was on the staff of Frederic. At an early age he entered the Russian army, and obtained a company in the imperial guard. It was at this time that the King of Prussia came on a visit to the Russian autocrat, and it so happened that it was Captain Diebitsch's tour of duty to mount guard on the royal visitor. The emperor foresaw the ridiculous figure the little captain would cut at the head of the tall grenadiers, and desired a friend delicately to hint to him that it would be agreeable to his imperial master if he would resign the guard to a brother officer. Away goes the friend, meets the little captain, and bluntly tells him, that the emperor wishes him not to mount guard with his company; for, adds he, 'l'empereur dit, et il faut convenir, que vous avez l'extérieur terrible.' This 'delicate hint' that his exterior was too terrible to be seen at the head of troops not remarkable for good looks, so irritated the future hero of the Balcan, that, with his natural warmth of temper, he begged to resign, not his tour of duty only, but the commission he held in the Russian army; and being a Prussian, and not a Russian subject, desired to be allowed to return to his native country. The Emperor Alexander, who appears to have formed a just estimate of his talents, easily found means to pacify him, by giving him promotion in the line. He has subsequently made himself so useful in that part of the service, where beauty was not indispensable, that the late emperor placed him at the head of the general staff, which situation he held when the reigning emperor appointed him to succeed Count Wittgenstein in the chief command." He is a Protestant.

Having with this portrait finished all we intend to do for the illustration of Vol. I., we shall reserve a short notice of the second for another *Gazette*. Meanwhile, we most heartily recommend the work as a treat to our readers.

Beechey's Voyage to the Pacific.

(Third notice: Conclusion.)

At Bow Island.

"Previous to the arrival of the missionary, every one had his peculiar deity, of which the most common was a piece of wood with a tuft of human hair inserted into it; but that which was deemed most efficacious, when it could be procured, was the thigh-bone of an enemy, or of a relation recently dead. Into the hollow of this they inserted a lock of the same person's hair, and then suspended the idol to a tree. To these symbols they address their prayers as long as they remained in favour; but, like the girl in China, who, when disappointed by her lover, pulled down the brazen image and whipped it, these people when dissatisfied with their deity, no longer acknowledged his power, and substituted some other idol. There were times, however, when they feared its anger, and endeavoured to appease it with cocoa-nuts; but I did not hear of any human sacrifices being offered. They appeared to entertain the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of the soul, and supposed the first vessel which they saw, to be the spirit of one of their relations lately deceased."

We pass by Otaheite, as being pretty well known to the majority of readers, and have only to notice with regret that Capt. B. represents the natives as being less improved than could have been hoped from their intercourse with Europeans. Nor shall we pause at the Sandwich Islands, but adventure on for Kamschatka. On the 10th of July, 1826, Beering's Island was seen from the Blossom: on the 22d, the ship entered Kotzebue Sound; and here the description of the natives presents another variety.

"We were (says the author) visited by several baidars, containing from ten to thirteen men each, whose object was to obtain articles in exchange. They were in every respect similar to the natives of Schismareff Inlet, though rather better looking, and were all, without exception, provided with labrets, either made of ivory and blue beads, as before described, of ivory alone, or of different kinds of stone, as steatite, porphyry, or greenstone: they readily disengaged these from their lips, and sold them, without minding the inconvenience of the saliva that flowed through the badly cicatrized orifice over the chin; but rather laughed when some of us betrayed disgust at the spectacle, thrusting their tongues through the hole, and winking their eyes. One or two had small strings of beads suspended to their ears. The articles they brought off were, as before, skins, fish, fishing implements, and nic-nacs. Their peltry consisted of the skins of the seal, of the common and arctic fox, the common and muskrat, the marten, beaver, three varieties of ermine, one white, one with a light brown back and yellow belly, and the third with a gray back spotted white and yellow; the American otter, the white hare, the polar bear, the wolf, the deer, and the badger. Their fish were salmon and herrings: their implements, lances, either of stone or of a walrus tooth fixed to the end of a wooden staff: harpoons precisely similar to the Esquimaux; arrows; drills; and an instrument, the use of which was at first not very evident. It was part of a walrus tooth, shaped something like a shoe-horn, with four holes at the small end communicating with a trough, that extended along the middle of the instrument and widened as it neared the broad part. From the explanation given of it by the natives, it was evidently

used to procure blood from dying animals, by inserting the end with the holes into the wound, and placing the mouth at the opposite end of the trough to receive the liquid as it flowed. From the satisfaction that was evinced by the describer during the explanation, it is evident that the blood of animals is as much esteemed by these people as by the eastern Esquimaux. On the outside of this and other instruments there were etched a variety of figures of men, beasts, and birds, &c. with a truth and character which shewed the art to be common among them. The reindeer were generally in herds: in one picture they were pursued by a man in a stooping posture in snowshoes; in another he had approached nearer to his game, and was in the act of drawing his bow. A third represented the manner of taking seals with an inflated skin of the same animal, as a decoy: it was placed upon the ice, and not far from it was a man lying upon his belly, with a harpoon ready to strike the animal when it should make its appearance. Another was dragging a seal home upon a small sledge; and several baidars were employed harpooning whales which had been previously shot with arrows: and thus by comparing one with another, a little history was obtained which gave us a better insight into their habits than could be elicited from any signs or intimations."

On the 25th the expedition reached Chamisso Island, where the instructions were to await the arrival of Captain Franklin; it was five days later than the time agreed upon, but as no signs of Franklin were to be seen, Captain B., after taking precautions for his guidance, should he arrive during his absence, proceeded to coast along the farther shores. Of the people he says,—

"The persons of our new acquaintance were extremely diminutive, dirty, and forbidding. Some were blind, others decrepit; and, dressed in greasy worn-out clothes, they looked perfectly wretched. Their hospitality, however, was even greater than we could desire; and we were dragged away by the wrists to their hovels; on approaching which we passed between heaps of filth and ruined habitations, filled with stinking water, to a part of the village which was in better repair. We were then seated upon some skins, placed for the purpose; and bowls of blubber, walrus, and unicorn flesh (*monodon monoceros*), with various other delicacies of the same kind, were successively offered as temptations to our appetite, which, nevertheless, we felt no inclination to indulge. After some few exchanges, the advantage of which was on the side of our acquaintances, who had nothing curious to part with, an old man produced a tambourine, and seating himself upon the roof of one of the miserable hovels, threw his legs across, and commenced a song, accompanying it with the tambourine, with as much apparent happiness as if fortune had imparted to him every luxury of life. The vivacity and humour of the musician inspired two of the old hags, who joined chorus, and threw themselves into a variety of attitudes, twisting their bodies, snapping their fingers, and smirking from behind their seal-skin hoods, with as much shrewd meaning as if they had been half a century younger. Several little chubby girls, roused by the music from the subterranean abodes, came blinking at the daylight through the greasy aperture of the roof, and joined the performance; and we had the satisfaction of seeing a set of people happy who did not seem to possess a single comfort upon earth."

The following is curious among these sa-

vages, and might send us back to ancient times for omens of a similar kind:—

"A singular method of deciding a bargain was resorted to by one of their party, almost equivalent to that of tossing up a coin. We had offered an adze for a bundle of skins; but the owner, who at first seemed satisfied with the bargain, upon reflection became doubtful whether he would not be the loser by it; and to decide the doubtful point, he caught a small beetle, and set it at liberty upon the palm of his hand, anxiously watching which direction the insect should take. Finding it run towards him, he concluded the bargain to be disadvantageous to him, and took back his goods."

The accounts of the Esquimaux met on the adjacent coasts are extremely interesting; and so are the details of the boat expedition up Kotzebue Sound, adding seventy miles to our knowledge of the coast,* and the near approach of a meeting with Capt. Franklin. But in the correspondence, to which we referred at the commencement of the review, we have gone so much into these particulars, that we may content ourselves with a general reference to them, and to repetition of our highest praise of Capt. Beechey's volume.

On his return homeward, our intelligent and gallant countryman continued to enlarge our geographical and useful knowledge, by visiting and examining many parts very imperfectly described by antecedent travellers; and has thrown the charms of interest and literature over the whole. His work is thus a lasting monument of his own abilities, and an honour to his country. Our limits, indeed, enable us to do it but scant justice; yet we trust we have said enough to shew that it combines in an eminent degree those qualities which are well calculated to delight the general reader, while they gratify the lover of literature and inform the man of science. Neither are the fine arts neglected; for the designs and drawings, excellent in their original forms, are here admirably multiplied by the burins of E. Finden and other distinguished artists. To conclude, we have not seen a production which could reflect greater lustre upon the talents and character of an individual than this does upon the talents and character of Capt. Beechey.

Scientific School Copies. Selected and written by J. Netherclift. Souter.

It is justly remarked by Mr. Netherclift, in the modest advertisement prefixed to his valuable publication, that "the subjects of the school copies now generally in use impart but little information to the mind, and the great portion of time necessarily occupied in the writing-lesson is thus spent merely in the acquirement of a mechanical art. But the experience of the author (as a private teacher) has fully proved, that by directing the pupil's attention in his writing exercise to copies in which short definitions, theorems, explanations of the terms, &c. relating to science, are repeatedly before his eye; his memory will be gradually stored with the first principles of knowledge, which are calculated so materially to facilitate the higher branches of his education." We entirely agree with Mr. Netherclift; and we cannot too strongly recommend his ingenious and well-executed *Scientific School Copies* to the attention of those engaged in the education of youth. The first and second series of these copies are now before us, which are respectively devoted to astronomical and geometrical definitions. As specimens of calligra-

* The whole distance left unexplored is only 146 miles.

phy, they are beautifully executed; and the cheapness at which they are published is extraordinary—the price charged for a piece of large and small-hand writing being only "one half-penny." As Mr. Netherclift's is a clever original work, of which no doubt there will be many imitations, we feel bound in honesty to commend his labours especially to the notice and patronage of the heads of schools, at whose hands he certainly merits reward.

The Omnipresence of the Deity. By Robert Montgomery. Tenth edition. London, S. Maunder.

AN edition of this very popular poem printed as a school-book; in which form it has been introduced into several highly respectable seminaries. We much approve of the plan, and strongly recommend it to teachers.

Fables of the Day; written and arranged for the Artless of all Ages, by Francis Fitz-Esp. 18mo. Pp. 117. London, S. Maunder.

THERE is both pith and whim in this modern version of fables, which are satirically directed to concerns and topics of the day. The first fifty pages are a fling at Mr. St. John Long; the Two Cocks, in the next, are the Duke of Wellington and Lord Grey. The Deformed Ape is a progeny between superstition and bigotry, and shews up O'Connell. The Feud of the Furniture is a droll illustration of reform; and the whole will afford half an hour's amusement to the lovers of caricature, and a laugh at the times.

The Didoniad, a semi-Virgilian Nautic Epic, in nine Cantos. By Paul Hudiger, Esq., late Lieut. R.N. 12mo. Pp. 276. Edinburgh, H. Constable; London, Hurst and Co.

WE confess this poem is far too poluphloisio-bioitico-thalassical for us: we cannot understand it, though it is evidently meant for humour, and does shew scintillations, where the expressions are intelligible, which is not the case with the general scope. There ought to be a key, if there really is any thing to decipher.

The Infant Teacher's Assistant, for the use of Schools and Private Families; or, Scriptural and Moral Lessons for Infants; with Observations on the Manner of using them. By T. Bilby and R. B. Ridgeway, Masters of the Chelsea and Hart Street Infant Schools. 18mo. pp. 112. London, 1831.

WE most cordially recommend this little volume, which displays much industry and judgment in its arrangement. Brief and appropriate texts from Scripture—hymns—short poems, containing some simple lesson of morality, or something of general information—questions on different points of sacred history—the first elements of arithmetic—various branches of common and useful knowledge—are here collected in the most plain and distinct form, such as the most childish capacity would be capable of comprehending. The writers well remark on the difficulty of fixing, without wearying, infant attention; and we must say the methods here set forth appear to us to be excellent. Few persons but must be aware of the existence of those admirable institutions, the Infant Schools. The anxiety spared the parents, the benefits conferred on the children, are too obvious to need prolonged mention. This little work is the production of two masters, who thus submit to the public the results of a plan they have themselves found

to work well; and we must say it is simple, attractive, and various. We would particularly call to the attention of our country readers. To many a village school, a volume whose lessons are so easily understood and adopted, as are those of the one before us, — to many a village school, it would be invaluable.

A Key to the Genders of French Nouns. By F. de Brandecourt B. — London. J. Johnstone.

THIS slight pamphlet is founded on Professor Lemarc's system, and appears very well calculated to assist the learner in one of the great difficulties of the French language, its genders. We must say, however, that the price, eighteenpence, for scarcely two dozen pages, is quite ridiculous.

The Siege of Constantinople; in Three Cantos, with other Poems. By Nicholas Michell. Pp. 81. London, 1831. Smith, Elder, and Co.

A MODEL is to a poet what a false beacon is to a mariner. Lord Byron has evidently been Mr. Michell's idol; and in imitation he has merged all originality. The *Siege of Constantinople* is a large and faint shadow of the *Siege of Corinth*; and the renegade hero is of the *Lara* and *Ginour* school. Still, there is a spirit about his dedication that we like; and our best justice will be to quote its conclusion.

"Having entered the lists of poetry, should I be foiled at the first onset, I may probably, like a true knight, who, as Cid Hamete's hero says, 'though he be vanquished to-day, may conquer to-morrow,' reset my lance in rest, and venture another encounter."

Neatly bound in cloth, and as neatly printed, this volume is got up in a style very creditable to its publishers.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—Observing in the *Literary Gazette* of last week a notice of Mr. Young's account of the change of colour in the plumage of birds from fear, I have been induced to mention some circumstances which, among others, fell under my own observation, and from which I am led to conclude that such changes among the volatile tribes are not so rare as may be imagined, and are often produced by disease, as well as by other mental passions besides terror.

Without referring to the celebrated *Jacobite* goldfinch of Miss Cicy Scott, which the good old maiden of Carubber's Close affirmed became of a deep sable hue on the day of Charles's martyrdom,—though doubtless the natural philosopher would have discovered in this some more efficient cause than respect for the royal sufferer!—I myself recollect a partial change in the colour of a fine green parrot, belonging to Mr. Rutherford, of Ladfield. Like Miss Scott, the laird of Ladfield was a staunch adherent of the house of Stuart, and to his dying day cherished the hope of beholding their restoration to the throne of Britain.

In the mean time, Mr. Rutherford amused his declining years by teaching Charley to whistle "The king shall hae his sin again," and to gibber "Send the old rogue to Hanover," for which he was always rewarded by a sugar-plum or a dole of wassail (Scotch short-bread). Those Epicurean indulgences at length induced a state of obesity; and so depraved became the appetite of the bird, that, rejecting his natural food, he used to pluck out the feathers from

those parts of the back within his reach, and bruise them with his bill, to obtain the oily substance contained in the quills.

The feathers which grew on the denuded parts were whitish, and never resumed their natural hue. I often saw Charley long after the death of his master, and he looked as if Nature, in one of her sportive moods, had created him half parrot, half gosling,—so strangely did his whitish back and tail contrast with his scarlet poll and brilliant green neck.

A still more remarkable change of colour in a lark, belonging to Dr. Thomas Scott of Fanash, occurred under my own eye, and which, I have no doubt, was produced by grief at being separated from a mavis. Their cages had long hung side by side in the parlour, and often had they striven to out-rival each other in the loudness of their song; till their minstrelsy became so stunning, that it was found necessary to remove the laverock to a drawing-room above stairs.

The poor bird gradually pined, moped, and ceased its song. Its eyes grew dim, and its plumage assumed a dullish tint, which, in less than a fortnight, changed to a deep black.

The worthy physician watched with the eye of a naturalist this phenomenon; but, after a while, fearing for the life of his favourite, he ordered it to be replaced alongside its companion.

In a short time it resumed its spirits and its song,—recommenced its rivalry with the mavis—but, after every moulting, the new feathers were always of the same coal-black colour.

The mavis evinced no corresponding feeling of attachment—neither, so far as I recollect, missing its companion nor rejoicing at its restoration.

A. C. HALL.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MR. RITCHIE, lecturer on natural philosophy in the Institution, on elasticity,—particularly the elasticity of torsion. From the nature of the subject, and the manner in which it was handled by Mr. Ritchie, this was an exceedingly interesting lecture. He first gave a general view of the elasticity of matter in its two states, solid and fluid. After describing the method by which Mariette investigated the law for the compression of air, he remarked, that this method could not be employed beyond a very few atmospheres, but that M. CErsted had, by a powerful condensing apparatus, proved the same law to hold when the air was compressed into the one-sixth part of its original bulk. Mr. Ritchie then stated, that there was a striking deviation from the law, "that the volume into which any quantity of air is compressed is inversely as the compressing force," in the case of those gases which Mr. Faraday has liquefied by simple condensation. When sulphurous acid gas is compressed with a force of about three atmospheres and a half, it is converted into a liquid; and when the pressure exceeds two atmospheres, it begins to give signs of this change of state by deviating from the general law of condensation; or, in other words, it begins to lose a portion of its elastic force. The lecturer then made a few observations on the three kinds of elasticity of solid bodies, namely, the elasticity of compression, the elasticity of tension, and the elasticity of torsion; the last of which formed the principal subject of the lecture. After stating the laws of the elasticity of torsion, discovered by Coulomb, in five wires of iron, brass, silver, &c. he investigated experimentally these laws, as belonging in a perfect degree to threads of

glass. If a fine thread of glass, two or three feet long, be attached to a small handle, and the other end prevented from turning round, it may be twisted two or three hundred times without breaking; and when allowed to untwist itself, it will return exactly to its former position. By attaching a fine thread of glass to the edge of a delicate balance, and fixing the other end securely in a torsion key, and then putting successively equal weights into one of the pans, Mr. Ritchie shewed that the degrees of torsion necessary to raise the weights were directly proportional to the weights employed. By this means the weights of minute portions of matter could be ascertained; which would scarcely be sensible with the finest balances. Mr. Ritchie then shewed the application of this beautiful property to the construction of an electrometer, and proved, from the perfect elasticity of the thread, as well as from its insulating power, the advantage of glass over the finest metallic wires. But the most elegant application of the elasticity of glass was in the construction of an exceedingly delicate galvanometer. A fine magnetic needle is suspended above a coil of wires by a glass thread several feet long, the upper end of which is attached to a torsion-key. A current of voltaic electricity is then made to circulate along the wires, the needle is instantly deflected, the torsion-key is turned round till the deflecting force of the current is vanquished by the elasticity of the glass. The experiment is repeated with different currents, and the degrees of torsion afford an accurate measure of the deflecting forces of the currents. Towards the conclusion of the lecture Mr. Ritchie shewed two beautiful applications of this property in threads of glass, to the experimental demonstration of two properties belonging to a horizontal or vertical pendulum, when deflected or made to vibrate by the magnetic influence of the earth, or simply by the earth's attraction. These properties involve mathematical considerations which could not with propriety be brought before the general reader, but will likely find a place in the more detailed accounts of the evening lectures, contained in the *Journal of the Royal Institution*. Mr. Ritchie remarked, that the galvanometer was so delicate as to detect the slightest difference between alloys of the same metal, and might thus be employed as a test for detecting a base gold coin, or even one having too much silver or copper combined with it.

In the library were many curious pieces of apparatus, laid on the table by M. Bourden, of Paris: one of these was a glass lamp, with argand burner, the supply of oil to which was forced upwards by a pump, consisting of a particular arrangement of glass tubes, containing columns of mercury; and the motive power acting upon this liquid was merely the expansion of air in a glass bulb, alternately carried over and away from the flame. Another apparatus, founded upon the hydrostatic pressure of two columns of liquid, the one continuous and the other broken by air, exhibited a circulating motion for a long while together. —Various works of art, paintings, busts, &c., including presents to the Institution, were also placed on the table, together with samples of Col. Pasley's artificial cements; a specimen of a beautiful little ground parrot, from Australia, sent by the Zoological Society, the introduction of which to this country was noticed in the *Lit. Gaz.* some weeks ago.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Botany of Capt. Beechey's Voyage, &c. &c.
By Dr. Hooker and G. A. W. Arnott, Esq.
Part I. 4to. pp. 48. London, Treuttel
and Würtz.

The first of the scientific adjuncts to the voyage which has recently occupied so many of our pages; and, if we may judge from its commencement, a very valuable addition to botany. The collections were principally made by Mr. Lay, the naturalist to the expedition; but also by the officers generally, and in particular by Mr. Collie. Of the literary portion of such a work we can give no example; and of the plates, ten in number, we need only say, that they are accurately and very prettily engraved.

Flora Boreali-Americana, or the Botany of the Northern Parts of British America. By Dr. Hooker. Part II. 4to. Treuttel and Co.
We do not remember to have seen the First Part of this work, which is chiefly composed of plants found during Capt. Franklin's expeditions, but with additions from Mr. Douglas's collection. It is every way similar to the preceding, but on a somewhat larger paper, and the plates more numerous.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

J. W. LUBBOCK, V.P. and treasurer, in the chair. Two papers were read: the first was a description of Mr. Robinson's mountain-barometer, the column of which is divisible into two portions; communicated by Captain Kater: the second, on water cements, by Col. Pasley. The chairman read a letter from H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, stating his great regret that, from indisposition, he was unable to take the chair that evening, as he had intended. The chairman also notified the adjournment of the meetings till after Easter. Among the presents were several volumes of memoirs, from the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg; Mr. Ranking's two volumes of Historical Researches; and various numbers of Professor Schumaker's *Astronomische Nachrichten*.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HAMILTON, V.P. in the chair.—Mr. F. Madden exhibited the matrix and an impression of the seal of the Priory of St. Mary, Southwic, in Hampshire, a remarkably fine specimen of the monastic seals, with splendid Gothic work, in some parts standing out in full relief, distinct from the back ground. Mr. M. observed on the very scanty information hitherto derived as to the manner of making and affixing the impressions of the ancient seals. The seal in question, however, had thrown considerable light upon the subject; and, it appears, that the impressions were formed of two distinct pieces, each half being impressed on both sides,—the interior impression of each piece being made to correspond with openings in the other, through which it might be seen, the two pieces were then united with bits of spiral wire, and the edges of the wax melted together. This accounts for the extraordinary and beautiful hollow work seen in many of the ancient seals. An impression of this seal has been found attached to a document dated in the thirteenth century.—The Secretary commenced the reading of what appeared to be a very long communication, by the Rev. H. M. Grover, on the history, customs, and games, of ancient Greece and Italy. On ac-

count of Passion week and Easter, the meetings of the Society were adjourned to the 14th of April.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

THE President in the chair.—The paper read was the conclusion of Mr. Prince Hoare's essay on the moral fame of authors. The justness of the opinion, that there exists an inseparable connexion between the moral and religious sentiments of men of genius and the stability of their literary fame, which the writer maintained upon general grounds in the former portion of his memoir, he further evinced in this second portion from an examination of the moral character of Shakspeare's dramas. After various observations upon the productions of that wonderful bard, in relation to the views advanced, he selected the tragedy of Macbeth as a signal illustration of his principle. Throughout this sublime composition, he shewed that the transcendent powers of the poet are no less apparent in the way in which he attains his object of instilling moral warning and instruction, than in his astonishing delineations of character and passion. The eloquent writer, in conclusion, asserted his belief, as an inference to which he had been led by his subject, that literature is one among the principal means employed by a beneficent Providence for effecting the great moral purposes of his government, in relation to mankind. Viscount Goderich and the Rev. Miles Bland, D.D. were elected members. Various presents to the Society's library were announced.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Sir ALEXANDER JOHNSTON in the chair. There were read, 1. Remarks on some ancient inscriptions found in Lycia and Phrygia, by Professor Grotefend, of Hanover. Facsimiles of these inscriptions are given by Mr. Walpole, in his *Travels in the East*, with explanations; they were discovered by Messrs. Cockerell, Carlyle, and Col. Leake: they are in the old Etruscan character, and treated of at length by M. Letronne and Saint Martin; but in the philological part much remains to be done, and to this Professor Grotefend applies himself in his essay. 2. A copy of a Latin inscription found in the great temple at Kalabsher, in Nubia, in 1828, by Captain Rainer, C.B., R.N. It appears to be to the honour of Gallus, a favourite general of the Emperor Hadrian. A transcript has been made by the Rev. H. Drury, of Harrow; and a translation was furnished by Col. Broughton. The latter gentleman having resigned the office of secretary, had a unanimous vote of thanks awarded to him for the valuable services he had rendered to the Society. Mr. Prescott presented his Remarks on the Architecture, Sculpture, and Zodiac, of Palmyra; the chairman some MSS. connected with inquiries made by him while chief justice on the island of Ceylon, at the suggestion of Jacob Bryant, Maurice Heeren, and other eminent antiquaries, respecting places in that island mentioned by Ptolemy, Pliny, and others.

FINE ARTS.

SUFFOLK STREET EXHIBITION.

WE have been much gratified with our private view of this, the eighth, Exhibition of British Artists in Suffolk Street; for it justifies all those anticipations of improvement and success with which we hailed the establishment of this new colony of the arts. We have no hesitation in stating that it far surpasses any former

year. Indeed, there is no department in which it does not display works of extraordinary merit; whether we refer to subjects of general interest, portraits, landscape, familiar life—or to the qualities of fancy, colour, drawing, taste, and other essentials of painting. There are no fewer than 915 Nos. in the catalogue, including two whole-lengths begun by Sir T. Lawrence, and finished by Mr. Simpson. In landscape we have Linton, Holland, Roberts, Nasmyth, Wilson, Westall, J. W. Allen, Witherington, Childe, J. Ewebank, Earl, C. J. Scott, Maddox, and many others, from the well-known excellence of most of these we have named, to the rapidly rising talent of others. In portraiture, Mr. Lonsdale is eminently conspicuous; and Hurlstone, J. P. Davis, Clint, R. F. Bone, Mrs. Carpenter, Mrs. Pearson, &c. are seen around, his not unworthy associates. Mr. R. B. Davis has a superb chase; Parris, Inskipp, J. Holmes, Prentiss, Hart, and Harvey, some sweetly fanciful performances, and others of a yet more ambitious character. Landscape is great in the larger; and the domestic circle, whether for whim or feeling, is admirably kept up by Knight, Webster, Fraser, Liverseege, Clater, Kidd, Gill, and Lonsdale, jun. The room with water-colours and miniatures would in itself form a very attractive exhibition; but we have not time to dilate even on the whole, and can only heartily recommend an early visit to all who love to witness the progress and prosperity of the British school.

NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE late Mr. Holwell Carr has bequeathed a splendid collection of Italian pictures of the old masters to the National Gallery. Surely this addition to the treasure already possessed by the country, and likely to be so munificently augmented, will lead to the immediate erection of a building worthy of its reception.

MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

AN oratorio, called the *Last Judgment*, in the original *Die Letzten Dinge*, composed by Spohr, to words selected from the Holy Scriptures by Rochlitz of Leipsic, was the grand and very novel feature of the third Philharmonic Concert, on Monday last. So great an innovation as the introduction of nearly a whole oratorio, to the exclusion of instrumental music,—especially the orchestral symphony, for which the Philharmonic audience has hitherto shewn such a decided predilection,—could not have been hazarded by the directors but under the impression that the work they substituted possessed some very superior qualities. Their bold experiment, we are happy to state, succeeded beyond all expectation. Since the first performance of that oratorio, at Cassel, in 1827, under the composer's own direction, and at the Norwich Music Festival in September last, the most competent judges have come to the conclusion, that it is a work so ingenious in its original conception, so profound and elaborate in its construction, and yet throughout so beautifully adapted to, and descriptive of, the sublimity of the subject, that it must be ranked among the best productions in the sacred style, whether ancient or modern. Here Spohr seems to have been in his very element; and we have always maintained, that the gravely serious, the plaintive and pathetic, are much more suited to his genius than the opposite qualities; more a "*mater dolorosa*" than a "*Fin ch' han dal vino*." The overture, the

first part of which is in D minor, the second in D major, is very characteristic, and partakes of the two styles of composition—the sacred and dramatic. The first chorus, "Praise his awful name," and the solo, "Mighty he cometh to judgment," more simple in construction than the following, form a beautiful contrast with the recitative and solo, "Behold the Lamb that was slain!" and "Weep no more." The solo and chorus, "Blessing and honour," have justly been remarked as bearing resemblance, both in the melody and the accompaniments, to Handel's chorus, "The many rend the skies." It is rather light, but very pleasing. A greater claim to particular distinction, for beauty of melody and deep feeling, has the duet, most deservedly encored, "Forsake me not in this dread hour, O God, most merciful." The chorus, "Destroyed is Babylon," is grand and magnificent beyond all description—its effect almost terrific. The quartet, "Blessed are the departed," is as beautiful as it is difficult, and was the second piece encored. The singers, Mrs. W. Knvyett, Messrs. W. Knvyett, Vaughan, and E. Taylor, and also the choir, deserve the highest praise for accuracy and precision in the execution of these extremely difficult pieces, several being written in four sharps and flats, one even in six flats; to say nothing of abrupt transitions and intricate harmonies. Of the other parts of the concert it may suffice to mention Meldeissohn Bartholdy's overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and Mr. Neukomm's sinfonia in E flat. The latter is written very much in the easy, pleasing style of Haydn, his master, and was very favourably received. The whole concert produced general satisfaction.

ANCIENT CONCERT.—On Wednesday her Majesty was present at the Ancient Concert. The performances were of a very high order.

On Wednesday, Mr. Phillips's second lecture, at the Royal Academy of Music, was still more numerously attended than the first; and his farther development of the principles of musical instruction, with pleasing vocal examples, was often and much applauded.

The famous Hummel of Weimar, we are told, is about to pay us another visit, at the latter end of next month, about the time when Paganini is expected.

DRAMA.

The Adelphi and the Olympic close this evening for the season. The lessees, male and female, of these true places of entertainment will no doubt hail the termination of their labours, and keep their golden harvest-homes merrily enough. But their small green curtains will fall heavily on our hearts, and their closed box-doors make a dismal blank in our existence. The knowledge of their well-merited success must, however, in some measure console us. The *Wreck Ashore* has proved laden with specie, to the great joy of the dwellers on the Strand; and the roar of *Olympic Revels* (as we predicted) ceases but with the season; *Pandora*

* We are little inclined to find fault, but cannot refrain from hinting to the directors, that in the choruses the tenor voices were too prominent, and the basses not enough so; the effect would have been much improved had this been otherwise. The Messiah at Drury Lane theatre was nearly torn to pieces a few evenings since by the screaming of three or four tenors, who seemed disposed to have the affair entirely to themselves; and there was a little of the same fault here on Monday night. These very noisy persons should not be allowed to sing solos.

closing her strong-box upon upwards of three thousand pounds, which the kind gods have netted for her within three months! Mathews and his double, the veritable *Adelphi*, the anything but Sigh-amese twins, we may chance to get a peep at during the spring, in some less dramatic but equally amusing shape: but *Vestris* is lost to us till the first of next October: *Momus* may be "at home" for a few nights, but *Euphrosyne* leaves town for the season. *Venus* will not be an evening star again till the autumn; but she will rise, say the theatrical astronomers, with redoubled splendour. "The lower limb" of this beautiful planet (we speak the language of the observatory) will become visible 7^h 5^m 30^s on the 1st of October, 1831.—Hold! gentle reader, we have been just bitten by an astrologer—what if we continue our observations and predictions, concerning the drama generally, in the true Mooreish style. Listen to the *Vox Stellarum Scenicarum*.

Of the Vernal or Spring Quarter.

According to the meridian of Greenwich, this quarter will commence on Easter Monday, the 4th of April, when Astley's Amphitheatre will be found in δ (or opposition) to the Surrey, and Drury Lane equally so to Covent Garden. Kean will be lord of the ascendant in the succedent house near Finsbury \square ; and Inverarity, the newly discovered star in the constellation *Lyra*, will be a conspicuous object in the operatic hemisphere. We may expect to hear important news from the east. A deep tragedy is likely to be acted on the other side of Temple Bar—Heaven preserve the lord mayor and aldermen! Some important cavalry movements will take place near Westminster bridge—ay, and in the Haymarket too, if we may trust the appearance of Cooke's troop in the old Tennis-court. A showman, near Greenwich, shall augment his fortune about this time; and let those who run down hill look to their footing. Nearer home we may expect splendid mutations of scenery: a great painter is at work at Drury Lane; and the ζ of Peake with Farley, at Covent Garden, bodes much entertainment to the holiday makers. Let us hope all will go well.

Of the Estival or Summer Quarter.

At this ingress of the Sun into Cancer we have several occultations of the superior planets, in the cadent houses of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Farren will be in transit to the Haymarket, where he will be an evening star for four months; and that lately observed luminary, Taylor, will be seen rapidly approaching the same star about the end of June. From this favourable aspect we predict that a manager is likely to make money, and a young actress to rise greatly in public estimation. A long-pending cause in Chancery is settled about this time, and the gentlemen of the long robe, who have fattened upon the spoils of their foolish clients, are the only gainers by the decision.

The Autumnal Quarter

Will commence, as we before stated, on the 1st of October, when all the superior planets will be in opposition. We may expect great changes in every part of the theatrical world.

New faces now in every house appear,
And minor signs do make the majors fear
Something is acting for the public good,
Where players can be seen and understood,
Malignant aspects stream from Charles's wain,
And Mars doth glare in angry *Kean's* mane;
Futurity man's feeble vision mocks,
But Hope remains in sweet *Pandora's* box.

The Winter Quarter, or Brumal Ingress, Begins on Monday, the 26th of December,

when those eccentric bodies, the comet pantomimes, become annually visible in all the signs of the theatrical zodiac;—which is to set the Thames on fire next Christmas, we cannot pretend to say. The most remarkable sign in this quarter is a Δ (or trine) of Abbott, Egerton, and Warde, which is likely to affect the inhabitants of Knightbridge and its vicinity—we hope pleasantly, but time alone can shew. Persons high in office seem disposed to clear up all former misunderstandings. A reform in the theatres is as much wanted as a reform in parliament. Let us hope, then, courteous reader, that a reform play-bill may pass both houses, and calm down the present agitation of the dramatic world.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Thursday night Pacini's far-famed folly, *L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompei*, was produced at this theatre, for the benefit of Signor David; and on Saturday repeated, as we might say, for the benefit of the mechanist, and not of the treasury. The cast was well suited to the composition, and the composition to the cast; for never was vile production so vilely performed. Imagine Castelli, Fihelmi, and Deville, strutting away as "top sawyers"* in the scene, and the late Miss Paton, too late in the day, enacting the part of the *prima donna* of the night. *La blache*, to be sure, did his best to conceal the composer's defects; and David exerted his utmost to render more unpalatable, if possible, the author's puerile production, by the constant employment of an effeminate *falsetto* with a false intonation. Nor does Signor David improve upon acquaintance, at least in this piece. His emphatic "pumpings" in passages when the sense of the music would prescribe all expression of passion, are sometimes laughably ludicrous. To employ a "coinage" of our own, he sings too much in *italics*; he reminds us of a pitiable punster who has no other mode of pointing his joke than by strongly accenting his witless word.

As for the title of the opera, judging of the character of the music, and of the unsuited situations of the scene, it might as well have been called the *Last Days of the Tory Administration*, as here, or anywhere else indeed, entitled, the *Last Day of Pompeii*. But it were a waste of words to enter into a critical analysis of poor Pacini's patchwork. With the exception of a quartet in the first act, and a duet in the second—the former pilfered from the *Semiramide* of Rossini, and the latter from the *Otello* of the same author—there is not discoverable in the whole opera an original motive or a connected melody, which could, by possibility, ever run the chance of even dying a natural death upon a Parisian hurdy-gurdy.

In conclusion, we have only to advise the manager, who doubtless has incurred considerable expense in his second mounting of Mount Vesuvius: "Do, by way of variety, substitute the Vesuvius of *Pompeii* for the Vesuvius of *Masaniello*, when that inimitable ballet is next represented; or, if not, why, follow the example of the provincial worthy, and advertise, according to custom, in large letters—'POSITIVELY THE LAST NIGHT of the last DAY of *Pompeii*—the whole of the music to be left out by particular desire.' This may do something for the theatre, keep the audiences in good humour, and perhaps sufficiently awake to enjoy either the pretty ballet of *La Somnambule*, or the splendid spectacle of *Kenilworth*."

* Vide Lady Morgan's *Book of the Boudoir*.

COVENT GARDEN.

MISS F. KEMBLE has played *Lady Constance* in *King John* twice this week; and without disparagement to her fair fame. Much of the performance was very fine.

VARIETIES.

Action of Metals on Water and Carbonic Acid.—M. Despretz has stated to the French Academy, that nickel, cobalt, zinc, and tin, possess, like iron, the property of decomposing water at a red heat, and that their oxides are reduced by hydrogen at the same temperature: he has also observed that carbonic acid is converted by zinc and tin into oxide of carbon, and that this gas completely reduces the oxides of these metals. Thus a fact, which was considered as anomalous, extends to several metals and binary compounds.

Sir Walter Scott.—A rumour obtained very general circulation last week, that Sir W. Scott had been attacked by a serious illness; but we are happy to say it was only the revival of a former exaggerated report. The excellent baronet is in good health, and giving his leisure to the finish of *Count Robert*, which we trust we shall see as soon as the ferment of politics has subsided.

The March of Politics.—Not only has Mr. Ridgway published the majority and minority on the Reform Question in red and black ink, to distinguish the sheep from the goats; but Howlett and Brimmer have followed the example, and given us the lists in gold, opposed to black letters. We observe that Hunt, notwithstanding his blacking, is on the golden side, and Goulburn is among the blacks.

Britton's Lectures on Architecture.—On Monday Mr. Britton commenced his course of eight lectures at the London Institution. The attendance was numerous, and the lecture listened to with great approbation.

Peterborough.—A society has been recently established in this city, on a very respectable footing, both in point of numbers and in the character of the members, embracing in its objects the discussion of historical and literary questions, and the formation of an extensive library. It is also the intention of some of the members to offer occasional contributions of papers, in order to make a collection of manuscripts illustrative of the history and antiquities of Peterborough and its neighbourhood, and other compositions of a miscellaneous nature. The ends the society have in view are, "the general improvement of the intellectual powers, the promoting a love of literature, and the diffusion of useful knowledge."—*Cambridge Paper.*

One Sense!!!—Our philosophical readers, who have hitherto valued themselves on the possession of *five senses*, and our less instructed friends who have talked in common parlance of being frightened, out of their *seven senses*, will, to use the phraseology of parliamentary petitioning, be filled with consternation and dismay at learning that it has just been settled *there is but one sense!!!* Man, the head of created beings, enjoys only one sense, and that sense is *TOUCH*. His eye touches spectral objects, his ear touches sounds, his nose touches smells, his palate touches flavours—in short, his whole life is but *TOUCH* and *GO*.

Scientific Societies.—It is estimated that there are above fifteen hundred learned and scientific societies in the world; above half of which are occupied in the encouragement of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce.

Observations on the Mollusca.—M. Rang,

who has recently returned from a voyage to Senegal, has addressed a letter to Baron Ferrussac, in which he communicates some of the results of his voyage. He has found that the *ropan* of Adanson is nothing else than the *modiola caudigera* of Lamarck, which envelopes itself in a calcareous tube, with which it lines the cavity it has previously hollowed in stone. Lamarck had already seemed to believe in the presence of a tube in the lithodromus; and the discovery of the fact in the living animal is the more important, that M. Ch. Desmoulins has determined its presence in fossil individuals from the neighbourhood of Bordeaux. M. Rang found in the river Senegal beautiful *etheria* at a distance of 600 miles from his mouth. He has also discovered in some rivers the *galathea radiata*, which Lamarck quotes as coming from Ceylon. This beautiful shell is found on sand-banks which are covered by some feet of fresh water: with it live eight or ten species of *melania* of exceeding beauty, and which in form, variety, and size, approach the genus *potamides* of M. Brogniart, as well as the fossil *cerithia* of the Parisian limestone.

Cholera Morbus.—Accounts from Russia state, that notwithstanding the season, which invariably checks this fatal malady, the artificial heat produced at Moscow and other Russian towns by the use of furs, and by the large stoves in the houses, have prolonged its existence, and that great apprehensions are entertained that, on the approach of spring, its violence and rapidity of communication will be entirely restored.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XIII. March 30.]

At Home and Abroad, a Novel, by the Author of "Home in the Nineteenth Century," and "Continental Adventures," is announced.—An Essay on the Influence of Temperament in modifying Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, by Dr. Thomas Mayo.—A new edition of Mr. Babbage's Table of Logarithms.—A work, consisting of Illustrations of the Rarer Plants contained in the Herbarium collected by Dr. Horsfield in the Island of Java; selected and described by Robert Brown, Esq. and entitled *Plantae Javanicae Rariores*, descriptive Iconibusque illustrata, is announced.

Of Destiny, by the Author of "Marriage," we have only time to say, that a hurried glance gives us a very favourable opinion of its entertaining powers.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

London's Encyclopedia of Agriculture, new edition, 8vo. 2l. 10s. bds.—Mitchell's Siege of Constantinople, a Poem, 8vo. 8s. bds.—Lovett's Revelation of St. John Explained, 8vo. 8s. bds.—Young's Egyptian Dictionary, 8vo. 12s. bds.—The King's Secret, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Burchard's Travels among the Bedouins and Wahabys, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s. bds.—Paris's Life of Sir H. Davy, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s. bds.—Family Library of French Classics, Vols. I. and II. 8vo. bds. 3s. 6d. each; fine paper, 4s. 6d.—Brown's Bible, imperial 8vo. 1l. 8s. bds.—Lord Henley's Memoir of Lord Northampton, post 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Hall on the Faith and Influence of the Gospel, with Essay by Chalmers, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Clarke's Scripture Promises, with Essay by Wardlaw, 12mo. 3s. bds.—Dr. P. Smith's Discourses on Prophecy, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Hinton's Lectures on Revivals, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Leigh's Guide through Wales and Monmouthshire, with Map and View, 8s. cloth.—Robert's Welsh Interpreter, 3s. 6d. cloth.—Leigh's New Pocket Road-Book of England and Wales, 3d edition, with plans of Tours and Map, 8s. bound; with 55 County Maps, 12s. bound.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 17	From 48. to 59.	29.76 to 29.89
Friday... 18	33. to 52.	30.06 to 30.13
Saturday... 19	31. to 49.	30.13 to 30.06
Sunday... 20	32. to 55.	30.04 to 30.00
Monday... 21	42. to 56.	30.00 to 30.03
Tuesday... 22	30. to 49.	30.15 to 30.06
Wednesday 23	33. to 45.	30.28 to 30.12

Wind variable, N.W. prevailing.
Except the 20th, generally clear; a little rain fell on the 17th and 21st, though not measurable.

Edmonton. Latitude..... 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude..... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to suggest to several correspondents the expediency of furnishing us with their addresses when they expect answers. E. W. C. and Lieutenant L. (we give only the initials) may be in the next street; but we cannot tell.—M. A. B. must address Annette elsewhere; we advise civil war.

The Latin lines inquired for by W. B. a fortnight ago, and several answers to which we last week acknowledged and promised to insert, are quoted by F. C. P. thus—

"Lumine Acon dextro; capta est Leonilla sinistro,
Et poils est formé vincere uterque deos.
Blande puer! lumen quod habes concede parenti;
Sic tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus."

He is of opinion that, though they might have been applied to the Princess Eboli, they were written centuries before.

P. G. J. quotes Martial—erroneously, we fancy:

"Lumine Acon cap't dextro; Leonilla sinistro,
At formâ potest vincere uterque Deos.
Parve puer! lumen quod habes, concede sorori—
Sic tu cæcus Amor; sic erit illa Venus!"

Ignotus has the lines from the papers of a deceased friend, with a rather paraphrastic translation—

"Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro,
Et poterat forma vincere uterque Deos;
Parve puer! lumen quod habes concede puellæ,
Sic Tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus."

"Since of thy right eye, Acon, thou'rt bereft,
Whilst Leonilla sadly mourns her left,
Yet both possess'd of forms so beautifully true,
Yet both themselves might bend the knee to you—
O boy! concede the light thou hast
To her, so matchless then!
And thus to woman Cupid be—
She, Venus to the men."

Ignotus tells us he also found the annexed epigram and translation, in looking for the above lines—

"Hic liber est in quo querit sua dogmata quisque,
Et in quo reperit dogmata quisque sua."

"His doctrine here, each doctor strives to find,
And finds out ev'ry doctrine to his mind."

Another valued correspondent quotes the lines exactly like Ignotus, only substituting "sorori" for "puellæ." He refers us to the Pandects of Anasil, of which it is stated in the Encyclopedia, "Amaltheus (Jerome, John Baptiste, and Cornelle), three celebrated Latin poets of Italy, who flourished in the 16th century. Their compositions were printed at Amsterdam in 1685. One of the prettiest pieces in that collection is an epigram on two children, whose beauty was very extraordinary, though each of them was deprived of an eye."

J. W. L. quotes the epigram from the Latin poems of the three brothers Amaltheus; and says, "it is stated in Dr. Warton's Essay on Pope's Genius and Writings, to have been made on Louis de Maquillon, the handsomest man of the time, and his sister the Princess d'Eboli, both having lost an eye."

Another correspondent, E. M. of Bath, writes:—"I know of no composition of two lines on the subject referred to; but, with the hope of communicating some information to W. B., I transcribe a letter in my possession, addressed to me by the late accomplished Mrs. Pissolli."

29th May, 1817.

Sir,—This is how the epigram stands in my scrap-book:

Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro,
Luce poterat formâ vincere uterque Deos.
Blande Puer! lumen quod habes concede Sorori;
Sic tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus."

Would not the epigram have gained in value, had the mother and son been represented as each of them one-eyed? It would certainly have been more classical to have substituted the word *parenti* for *sorori*; but I am never sure of my prosody. One could then have translated it thus:

Leonilla said, 'Lend me that eye,' to her son,
Perceiving the boy, like herself, had but one;
'For then we may manage the matter between us;
And you'll be blind Cupid, whilst I shall be Venus.'

The writer of this epigram was Cornelius Amaltheus, who printed a collection of poems at Amsterdam, in 1685; a Protestant, I believe, though born in Italy, and who parodied in Latin verse the Catechism of the Council of Trent.

T. S., however, does give us two lines only; but they are imperfect;—they do not tell the fact, and are merely the last two of the four. E. T. does the same, and says they were made use of in the reign of Philip II., though previously written. Mr. C. Walmaley says the lines were by Jerome Amaltheus; and quotes them (the same as in our first notice, except *sorori* for *parenti*) from the *Selecita Poemata Italorum*, 2 vols. Lond. 1740.

We need not go no farther explanations; and we insert the foregoing as an amusing proof of the interest taken in matters connected with polite literature. By the by, "a Truant from Dean's Yard," Westminster, palms the following upon us as an attempt at a free translation, pretending he had not seen the original; but the last line is a sad tell-tale!

Pulchra parens pueri; puer ipse, parentis imago,
Uno, sorte pari, lumine oer caret;
Redde tuum, formosæ puer, modò reddere parenti;
Sic tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus."

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